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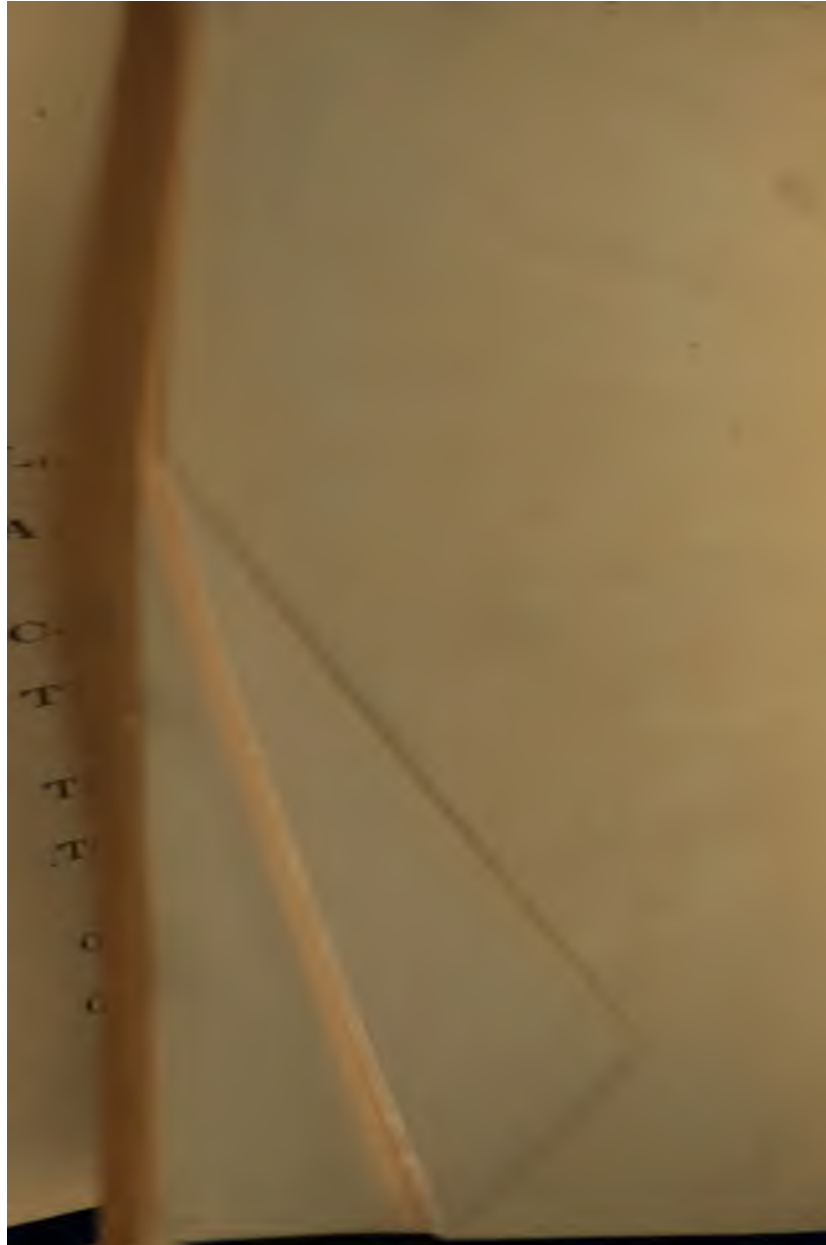
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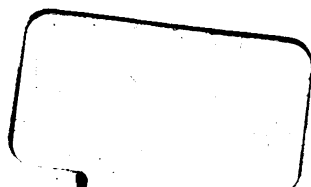
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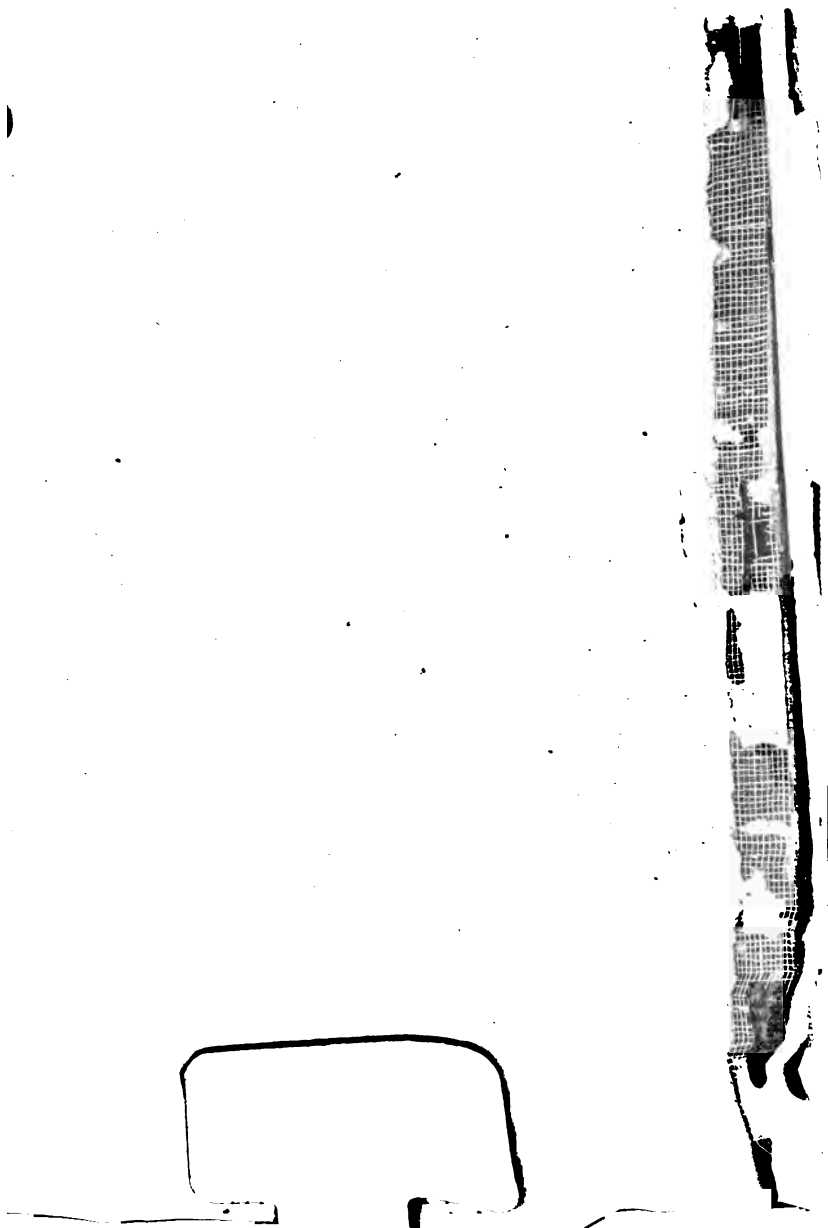
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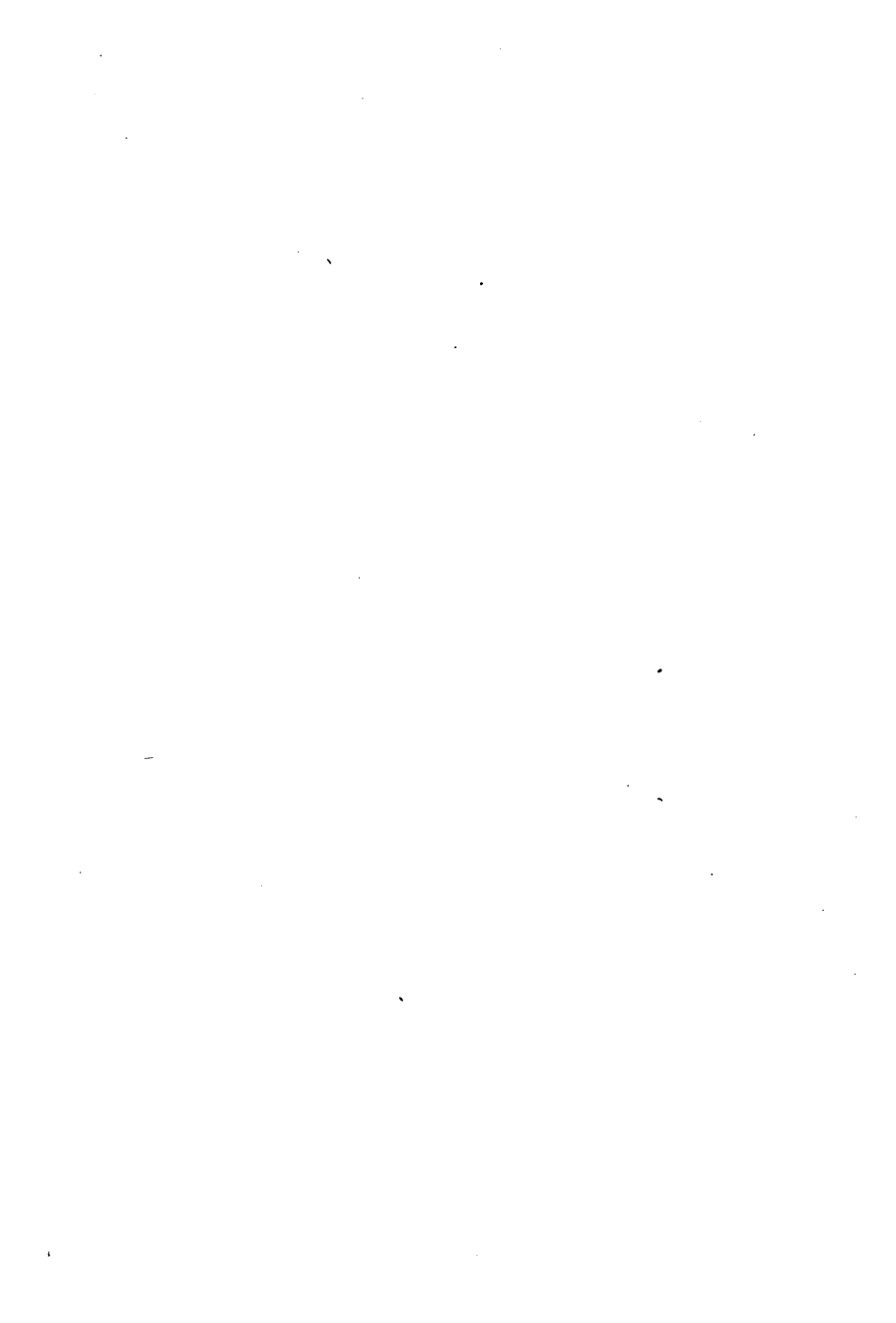




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7

ZENOBI A

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

G. H. THORNTON.

Sweet flower, shall I here cast thee to the wind ·
For cold indifference to be thy share?
Oh, mayst thou hear from some warm fertile mind
An ardent call to make thy dwelling there!

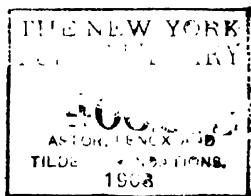
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GRIFFITH PUBLISHING COMPANY

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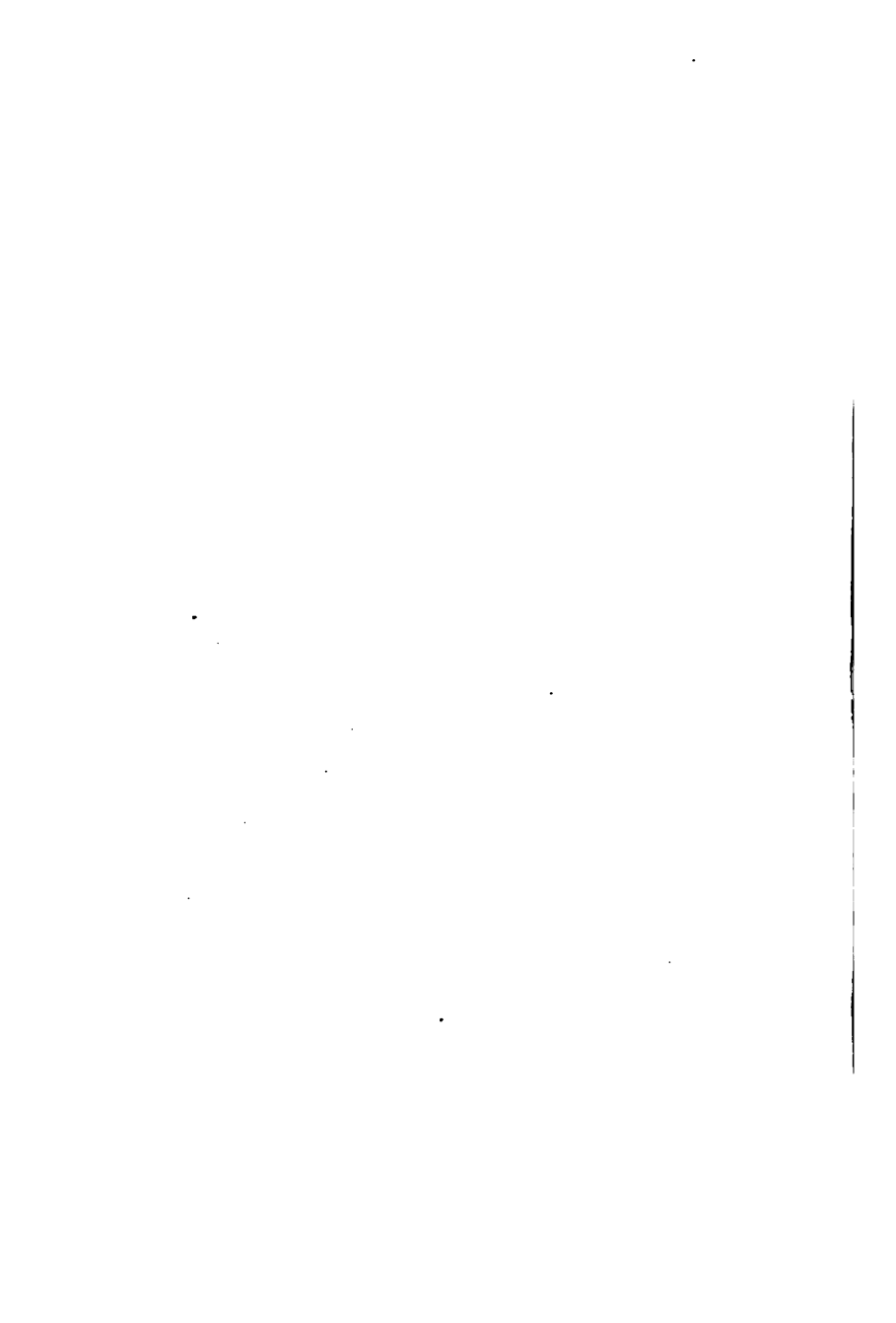
Reliance W. H. Stone
Mar. 11, 1863
120

Thou art, fair book, a lonely crumb
Upon the literary sea,
And many storms may to thee come
Before returning home to me.

As man goes forth to meet the years
Unconscious of what they will bring,
And reaps a harvest of sad tears
Or finds in life perpetual Spring.

So 'tis with thee; I send thee thence
To meet thy destiny as they,
And clouds may gather round thee dense,
Or sunshine cheer thee on thy way.

In tears thy soul has cost me dearly,
In toil thy form has cost me more,
Yet should but one love thee sincerely
My weary soul will ask no more.



CONTENTS.

| Title. | Page |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| Zenobia | 9 |
| The Omen of Paul St Claire | 20 |
| A Hymn to California | 29 |
| A Tale of Sorrow | 33 |
| Love's Farewell Kiss..... | 44 |
| To J. S. Hawkins..... | 46 |
| My Julia | 48 |
| To Love | 49 |
| To A Friend | 50 |
| The Banner of Freedom..... | 58 |
| Flossie Rame | 61 |
| The Old Gives Way to the New | 63 |
| Greed For Gain..... | 65 |
| School Vacation | 66 |
| To Apollo..... | 67 |
| The Heroes of Liberty..... | 68 |
| Happiness | 70 |
| Margarite..... | 71 |
| To a Snail..... | 72 |
| The Lay of the Last Magnate..... | 73 |
| Hurrah! For The Jolly Three | 74 |
| On Finding a Skeleton..... | 76 |
| To a Lover..... | 77 |
| The Rain | 78 |
| The Beauties of Nature | 80 |
| The Song of the Katy-did..... | 81 |
| My Lost Louise | 82 |
| There Is No Man But Has a Fault..... | 83 |
| A True Love Vow..... | 84 |
| My Love..... | 85 |
| My Pilgrim From The Ocean..... | 86 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| The Home of Peace | 88 |
| Working In The Garden.. | 89 |
| The Passing of the Dying Year..... | 91 |
| Fashion | 92 |
| Cleveland, The Fisherman..... | 94 |
| The Great First Cause..... | 96 |
| I Care Not For Wealth..... | 98 |
| The River Rhine..... | 99 |
| Our Heroes..... | 100 |
| Smiles and Tears..... | 101 |
| The Chickadee | 102 |
| When We See As We Are Seen..... | 104 |
| Fast Roll the Years Away..... | 105 |
| Grant's Address at the Battle of Shiloh | 106 |
| Omnipresence..... | 107 |
| Springtime | 108 |
| To The Meditative..... | 109 |
| Mount of the Holy Cross..... | 111 |
| Freedom..... | 112 |
| Joaquin Miller | 114 |
| Ok-a-lee | 115 |
| On the Death of Harry H..... | 118 |
| Love Shines Brighter Than All..... | 119 |
| The Quail | 120 |
| The Pleasures of Life..... | 122 |
| On the Banks of the Sacramento | 124 |
| San Francisco Bay..... | 125 |
| To Julia | 127 |
| The Bark of Life | 128 |
| My Home, My Native Land..... | 130 |
| The American Flag..... | 133 |
| Those Happy Mission Days..... | 134 |
| The Mission Dolores..... | 137 |
| To a Lover..... | 141 |
| The Lassie of My Choice.. .. | 142 |
| May. | 143 |
| Pussy Wants a Corner..... | 144 |
| Apollo to Daphne..... | 146 |
| The Voice of Winter..... | 147 |
| Arise and Come Away | 149 |

ZENOBIA.

"Tell us a story, grandpapa,
One of the good old kind.
About the wolves and buffalos
And bears you used to find.

But any kind will do, grandpa,
And we will all be good,
And be as quiet as we can,
As any children should."

"Well, let me think a moment, dear,
What story to relate,
For I have told them nearly all
While sitting by the grate.

But long ago, when I was young,
Three times the age of you,
I had a brother whose name was Paul,
A little sister too."

"Was that Aunt Lucy, grandpapa?"

"Oh, no, my darling, no,
You never saw my sister, dear,
For short we called her Zo.

So father took us all out West,
Across the central plain.
To where the owls and prairie dogs
And rattlesnakes hold reign.

We had ten head of horses then,
Which made a splendid team,
And well they worked to pull us o'er
Each hill and mountain stream.

We left a modest home behind;
And neighbors not a few
Came there to see us take our leave,
And bid us all adieu.

Most every night the wolves would howl
Around our lonely camp,
And twice as much whene'er they spied
The flicker of our lamp.

But on we went and heeded not
The wolves most painful howl;
Nor yet were we disturbed by
The hooting of the owl.

But when we reached the Western slope
The saddest thing occurred,
And if you'll listen to me, dear,
I'll tell you every word."

The evening sun was nearly set,
The Western sky was golden yet,
All nature seemed to say good night
To him, as he went out of sight;
Our evening camp fire glowed with heat
While he was beating his retreat,
And round the fire we travelers sat,
Thinking to have a merry chat,
When on the distant hill top came
A tribe of those whose very frame
Struck terror to the hearts of all
Who saw their measured footsteps fall.
They marched along in single file,
Which was their true and native style,
With feathers flying in the air
And painted cheeks and vengeful glare;
Which glare alone would almost put
To flight the pale faced tenderfoot.
But soon they passed beyond our sight,
Into the darkness of the night;
To scout that part was our intent,
And that we did at all event.
The horses from the stake we got,
Saddled, mounted and off we shot.
Across the hills our course we took

Until we crossed a shallow brook.
But not a soul and not a sound
In all our course was to be found,
When all at once on top the hill
We heard a warwhoop loud and shrill,
Then soon we lit upon the ground
To listen for some further sound,
And gazing long, with hand o'er eyes,
We saw next to the Western skies,
Performing men play at some sport,
And close beside their transient fort.
To discern what kind of game
Was now our one and only aim;
They ran and leaped into the air
And then returned with utmost care,
Then back they rush and on they go,
Like angry bulls upon the foe;
But, lo, we look the other way
And here come mounted horsemen gay,
They closely bear upon our left,
A moment more and we're bereft
Of all escape from scalper's knife,
So on we ride for mortal life,
But now they turn to cross our path,
And on they come in heated wrath.
We ply the whip and make the turn
To where we see the campfire burn;
But on they come and still more fast,
And with each leap a warwhoop blast.
With eight of them 'gainst two of us

The odds are somewhat over-plus.
To win or lose means life or death,
And now our steeds are out of breath.
I prayed for time to make my peace
With Him who gave to life its lease;
But Paul turned round and fired a shot,
And felled the foremost of the lot.
Now that pursuit was at an end,
We sought no more to deprehend
The reason why the wild red face
Had given us such heated chase.
But when we reached the camp again,
The news there filled our hearts with pain.
Indians had come while we were gone
And had carried off our little one.
Beside the tent across the way,
Our broken hearted mother lay,
And father, whom they had left for dead,
Could scarcely raise his dear old head.
His wounds proved not to be severe,
And by the aid of mother dear,
He soon was well enough to go
And join the search for little Zo.
It broke our hearts for Indians wild
To take away our little child;
It seemed a living sorrow sent
To swell the tides of discontent.
We pledged ourselves in solemn vow
To get revenge, no matter how.
Though clouds appear and rains descend,

And thunders roar and lightnings rend;
Though rivers flow with deepest flood
And ail run red with human blood;
Though lions roar and panther's scream,
Were made to shape each nightly dream;
Though vengeful be the painted glare
Of each and every Indian there;
We vowed to search the forest wild,
To be revenged or get the child.
That night we passed in deepest grief,
And in our tears found no relief,
And with approaching dawn of day,
We all did there together pray.
The day was calm and warm and bright,
The birds were in their sweet delight,
And flying through the balmy air,
Their nests they built with greatest care.
The dewdrops sparkled in the sun,
As o'er the sky his course was run;
And thus they gave back ray for ray,
Until by zephyrs borne away,
The horses snuffed the morning breeze,
As if their senses to appease;
The grass around they would not eat,
But stand and snort and stamp their feet.
So then we searched to ascertain
If Indian tracks did there remain,
And searching all the hills along,
We saw a streak both far and strong,
Rise upon high and yet still higher,

And this was smoke from wigwam fire,
And that's the way their signals go,
To march at once upon the foe.
Then over hill and over plain,
And through the woods and back again,
And up and down the river brink,
Where Merced waters rise and sink,
Through every path our course we bent,
Until to nothingness it went,
But every path and every trail
Was marked with naught but signs of fail.

* * * * *

So fifteen years had passed and gone.
And rough the road we traveled on;
'Twas fifteen years just to a day,
And mother dear was laid away,
And sleeps she there in Nature's tomb,
Where California flowers bloom;
Where peaks are lifted to the sky,
Above the reach of mortal eye,
So, too, her soul rose high above.
Where all is peace and joy and love.
Just fifteen years we searched the plain,
And searched the hills, but all in vain;
Our sorrow deepened to despair,
And father, stooped with aged care.
While in this mood we thought it best
To give it up and quit the West.
Straightway we broke our camp again,
And started for the Central plain.

Those fifteen years of search and strife
Had taught us much of Indian life.
Their tuneless song we left unsung,
But learned the language of their tongue.
We also learned the way to wear
A painted face and vengeful glare;
To hold a savage interview,
And "do in Rome, as Romans do."
To speak with fluent tongue each name
And sleep with head next to the flame;
To pound the acorns into meal,
And clothe with hides from head to heel;
To climb with most unerring strides,
The steepest of the mountain sides;
To give the war whoop loud and shrill,
Resounding o'er the Redwood hill;
To smoke the pipe and pass it on,
Until the last blue whiff was gone,
In fact to be true Indian mud,
All but the origin of the blood.
We learned the place, and learned it well,
Where fattest bear are wont to dwell,
Where roe bucks feed upon the hill,
And where they go to drink their fill;
Where curls the snake beside the path;
How singing birds do take their bath;
Where hive the native honey bees,
As to their choice what kind of trees;
Where builds the prairie dog his town,
And when you shoot goes tumbling down:

He, like the crawfish. builds from clay,
And sits beside to bark and play;
Where daily sleeps the cotton tail;
Where flies the swiftest mountain quail;
Where panthers prowl and scream at night;
And where the eagle takes his flight,
And how he watches from on high
To catch a bird and pluck its eye,
Or, drops to earth straight through the air,
To catch an unsuspecting hare.
These things we learned and many more,
Before we quit the Western shore;
With aching hearts and souls undone.
Our trip back East was now begun.
We traveled on—'twas mating time,
And flowers were blooming in their prime.
The eighth of May we pitched our tent,
And through the woods our course we bent;
Procuring food from wildest game,
And shooting with the deadliest aim.
Tired were our limbs from hunting long
When far off rung the Indian's song.
We followed up the tuneless sound,
And there the wigwam camp we found.
And there we saw a maiden fair
Offering up an Indian prayer.
My heart leaped up into my throat,
While her dear words there came afloat,
But durst not I to interfere
With such a prayer, so sad and clear.

She prayed that mother might be blest,
Not knowing that she'd been laid to rest.
In fact she prayed for every one,
As she no doubt had often done.
Those fifteen years had been well spent
Reading that grand good testament.
She taught the Indians how to pray;
She taught the true and only way,
As o'er the hills and vales they trod,
She led the way to truth and God.
'Twas on the night that she was lost,
She read about the Pentecost,
And with a grasp both firm and strong
She took her testament along.
So they had stolen her at seven
And through her had gained a Heaven;
That book was her own heritage,
And well she studied every page.
Our souls did then and there impart
The sweet communion of the heart.
Far down the vale Paul lead the way
To meet our father old and gray.
And through the early twilight haze
We saw the lonely campfire blaze,
And saw the trembling form of man
Put on the well worn frying pan;
And by the time we reached the spot
The frying pan was sizzling hot.
And then Paul said to father dear,
Whose sight was not so very clear,

"Dear father, here's an Indian girl,
Whose hair is quite inclined to curl;
Sit down and have a merry chat,
An evening talk, she's good at that."
Before we three had all agreed
To break the news with no great speed,
So long they talked of things that be,
How all the tribes do disagree.
She told of how her life was spent,
How she had read her testament.
This said he looked in great surprise,
A sparkle filled his faded eyes,
His whitened locks he backward flung,
And spoke in his own native tongue:
"Oh, can it be, the fates restore
Back to our arms what we adore!
Do tell me, stranger, tell me so,
If you are not my little Zo?"
Then moving closer to his side,
She paused a moment, then replied:
"My father was quite near your size,
And had the color of your eyes;
His hair was black, and yours like snow,
But for all that I'm little Zo."
Dear father could no longer speak,
While tears came trickling down his cheek.
Our every eye was wet with dew
When closed that evening's interview.

THE OMEN OF PAUL ST. CLAIRE.

Lovely childhood! The sweets of mortal life,
Bright pearl of innocence and glee;
Around thy fair form sweet scenes entwine
With lingering beauties of thee.

Come forth, oh, Muse, with thy ancient power,
And help my pen to reveal
The recurring scenes of early life,
That brought to my youth its weal.

The loving arms, where my infancy nursed;
The touch of mother's kind hand,
The tones of the song, the lullaby song,
And the words of her last command.

Oft has she breathed the most tender of prayers,
And shed a mother's warm tear
Of love for the pains in the future that wait
For the child whom she held dear.

The quaint old house that for ages has stood
 Beneath the shady old trees,
The holly and rose, by the winding path
 Where chased the sweet honey bees.

The barn and the well, the orchard close by;
 The fields where the peasants plow,
And many a scene not numbered here
 Is fresh in my memory now.

Then youth, fair youth, appears to my view,
 Encircled by scenes I adore;
But we're gliding away from blissful youth,
 Like a ship away from the shore.

Yes, gliding away o'er the billowy brine
 With hope's bright star as a beam;
But youth I am with you again on the sward
 For only a moment to dream.

To dream of birds on a bright summer morn
 Singing their earliest lay,
And to watch the swallow fly neath the eve,
 There building her nest of clay.

Once more I listen and methinks I hear
 The voice of the whippoorwill,
Ring out through the long drawn shadows of night
 Then echoed by the distant hill.

And far down the lane, where the hedges meet,
Still stands the white oak post,
Where oft in the darkness of the night
I mistook it for a ghost.


And here in the shade is the old rope swing
Which from the oak tree hung;
Neath the monarch oak, the pride of the world,
Full many a lover has swung.

While over the way the nut cracker sits,
Curling his tail o'er his back,
Forgetful the while, the sound of the gun
For now there's a nut to crack.

And here is the elm, beneath whose shade
The bubbling waters spill;
How oft has the thirsting heart of youth
Here drunk his greedy fill.

Oft, sweet spring, have I loitered around,
And oft have I dipped thy cup,
Eagerly trying in my youthful way
To drink thy sweetness up.

And I've watched that cup press maidens' lips,
Oh, Youth, what ecstatic bliss!
How oft hast thou grasped that rusty cup
To get e'en a second-hand kiss.



I remember me now one soft Spring morn
Long after the snow had gone,
That many sweet williams adorned the hills
As well as the level lawn.

The blossoms from that old orchard there
Sent perfume flying around;
And the bees while flying to every one
Commingled their humming sound.

The mock-birds sung in merriest glee,
The robins were mating again,
The morning breeze came passing along,
And waved the growing grain.

Such was the beauty of that Spring day,
And I remember as well
Each joy that awaited me on that morn
As though 'twere yesterday's spell.

The news had gone to the neighbors around
That school would begin that day,
So lassie and lad both far and near
Were speeding along on their way.

One continued round of pleasure had we,
For we knew but a single rule,
"Work while you work and play while you play"
Was the motto of our school.

Paul was gay as the gayest that morn
Whistling the mocking-bird song,
As over the hills and valleys to school,
He speeded his way along.

A shadow then floated across his path,
He turned and looked upon high,
And there far above was a raven's form
Like a freckle against the sky.

But fifteen summers had passed o'er his head,
Yet large was he for those years;
His affable way had brought him to be
A favorite of all his peers.

But he was not now so gay as before,
That shadow haunted him still,
For oft it is said, to be crossed by such
Is an omen of something ill.

Flossie was somewhat younger than he,
With pleasant bewildering eyes;
And so it happened that they should meet—
I would it were otherwise.

That dear old school house stands there still,
Battling 'gainst Time's iron hand.
And sad is the thought that his constant touch
Becomes a withering brand.

There many a well chewed paper wad
Has coursed that room across,
There many a trick of youth's delight
Was counted with the dross.

Yes, many a wad has found its way
Straight from the thumb of a boy,
Far be it from me to ever impugn
Such tricks of innocent joy.

Oft have I played at some merry game,
And here I will name a few:
"What will you do when the black man comes?"
"Why, sure, we will run right through."

While some were playing "the needle's eye,"
Some others played "three old cat,"
Which means that three are to catch behind
The three who play at the bat.

And then "town ball" came in for a share
Likewise did the game "dare base;"
Nor "tag" nor "blindfold" were cast to one side,
For the "King," his majesty's grace.

Such were the games we always enjoyed
Together with such as we
Could ever invent to make us feel
As happy as children could be.

But Flossie and Paul together would stroll
Over the meadows beyond,
Plucking the wild and beautiful flowers,
For which they were ardently fond.

Or sitting beside the old fence stile
They talked away the hours,
Exchanging thoughts and glances of love,
And weaving a wreath of flowers.

It was thus they passed the summer months
The children of love's sweet bliss;
Oh, could that summer have lasted an age!
But lo, it left them amiss.

How oft it is said that youthful love
Is naught but a passing spell,
But how it effects the future life
No sage's pen can tell.

The fates ordained that he must away,
A seeker of fortune's fame;
But with each remove there passed o'er his path
A shadow that's ever the same.

His thoughts oft returned to the maiden he loved,
As oft, he gave a deep sigh,
And vowed that he would never wed,
And told of the reason why.

And so he wandered over the earth,
And the fortune of wealth ne'er found;
But every new hope that died on the way
Set bleeding that painful wound.

The shadow that flitted across his path
Was an omen to more than one,
For deep in her heart were lingering thoughts
Of the love wreath once begun.

'Twas an omen to her because he had told
The tale of his shadowed course,
She termed it but superstition to think
It a sign of black remorse.

For several years there came her way
Full many a handsome swain,
And still she waited her lover's return;
But, ah, she waited in vain.

At last, when hope had forsaken her heart,
She wedded a noble swain,
And sought to efface from memory's throne
All thoughts of a broken chain.

But oft when the household cares were great
A shadow came o'er her soul,
And she thought of the sward where the loving pair
Went out for a while to stroll.

So the hearts of youth that summer's morn
With pearls of joy were set;
But the jet-black raven of sorrow threw
A shadow of deep regret.

But, ah, we know not how others feel
They, too, may never forget,
That the jet-black raven of sorrow throws
A shadow of deep regret.

The prettiest flowers of the early morn
With the dews of night are wet,
But a bud that's broken in the early morn
Stays withered till the sun is set.

Thus blasted love in the morning of life
May shadow the soul till night;
Dear Flossie and Paul, I bid you adieu!
May your souls in heaven unite.



A HYMN TO CALIFORNIA.

Sweet California! Great Columbia's child,
Born to be fairest of the undefiled;
Reared on the breast of luxury and pride;
Where none but sweetly fragrant flowers abide;
Where poverty is lost in darkest aisle,
And happiness smiles her sweet bewitching smile;
Thy golden hills are not as ancient thrones
O'er looking vales where vile penury moans,
But lifted high look down upon the dales
Where thriving worth in beauty yet prevails.
How pleasant are thy scenes, thy fleecy droves,
Thy golden poppied hills and shady groves.
Thy ancient caves and Time's own sculptured rocks
Beneath whose shade there sing the feathered flocks
Thy precious fields in variegated hue
That from the god of day his colors drew;
Thy walks and parks where beauty ever dwells,
And nature's wealth in splendid richness swells;
Thy even tempered clime never marks the day
When passing flowers have gone to their decay;

But here thy sweetly scented summer breeze
Lends perfume to the farthest of the seas.
Though nursed in luxury thy children know
That they who wish to reap must likewise sow;
That sin and crime the darkest places haunt,
While waste so quickly leads the way to want;
But what is this within each county seat?
Ah, ha! I see: 'Tis where disputants meet.
Here owl-eyed Justice sitting on her throne
Weighs out to men the fruits of what they've sown,
While on the distant hill or in the neighboring vale
The aged master tells his wondrous tale
To childish forms who gather round his knee,
Drinking those tales with animated glee,
But when their minds with inattention stray
The worthy master leads them to their play,
And thus each mind in varied pleasure grows
To love the cares that lessons interpose,
And the well stored halls of Oriental lore
Find strength and power upon our Western shore.
Thou favored land, thy climate has revealed
The mightiest products the earth can yield,
The monarch forest reaching to the skies,
The iron hand of Time and man defies.
Thy precious gold, the ruler of the hour,
Touches the world as if by magic power.
Go sift her sands or pick the deeper vein
And nature's wealth is made to be thy gain;
Or, take the plow and till the distant fields,
And press the fruits of what the vineyard yields;

Or, reap the grain, or pluck the fruited tree,
No matter what, great shall thy harvest be.
Go seek her ports where deepest harbors lie
And flags of every nation meet your eye.
Here Commerce spreads her wings upon the sea,
Proclaiming to the world "Prosperity!"
Sweet land, wilt thou behold a waning hour?
Or, hast thou reached thy pinnacle of power?
Ye mighty sophists of Oriental fame,
Sharpen your wits and to the world proclaim,
If, in the future, such a fate awaits
Our prosperous land as did such other states;
But here experience brings upon us now
The scars that earth has worn upon his brow,
The knocks that he has met upon the way
Left many scars that we should now survey;
Where states arose and fell beneath their load
They left a guide for us upon our road.
Experience! 'Tis truly kind of thee
To knock upon the future's door and be
A guide for those who wish to enter in.
Lest they should fall beneath a load of sin.
We turn with fear to nations of the past
Whose greatness bowed before ambition's blast;
The hoarded treasures of those ancient Kings
Reduced their subjects all from men to things.
That welfare which adorned Italia's plains
Is gone, and greatness there no longer reigns;
Jealous Ambition rose within the tower,
Sought to rule the world or fall beneath its power,

Conquered half the earth, marched upon the rest
But fell to the ground for all to be oppressed.
And, crossing now to that more zealous shore
We find a land whose fate we all deplore;
Where Greece, whose worth has never been excelled
Met with defeat and all her greatness quelled.
Oh, Thou mighty Greece! Thou blessed true one,
Fellest thou here in sad pathetic ruin!
When conquest rose in Macedonia's land,
Philip reached forth his strong unconquered hand
And, as the mightiest King, with one great stroke
Subdued thy brave and bade them wear the yoke.
Oh, learned Athens! Where is all thy lore?
The robes of greatness which thy people wore?
Land of the ancient world! Where is thy weal,
Thy love of truth and animated zeal?
Back to the serf, have all thy people gone,
And, back to woe, the weal they fed upon.
Fair California, let thy pleasures glow,
But watch thy corners lest there be a foe.
No crowned King has touched thy garments hem,
Nor hast thou yet been called his power to stem;
But out of your midst a grey eyed wolf shall come,
And, lo, the tread of her velvet foot is dumb;
She comes not forth in armor of a foe
So long as wealth into her coffers flow,
But as some snake that holds a bird a prey
She charms you with peace to suck your blood away

A TALE OF SORROW.

"I can no longer sit beside the brook,
Beneath the sturdy oak tree's heavy shade,
And watch the catfish nibble at the hook
Deep in the pool the falling waters made.

There is no girl with curly auburn hair
To sit beside or play upon the green,
While dimples dance around her cheeks so fair,
And add so much to the beauty of the scene.

The joys that filled my breast in youthful days
No longer find a happy dwelling there;
My melancholy nature disobeys
My better judgment, and falls into despair.

The moment's fly much faster now than then
And take the cherished hopes that filled my breast
So now, for me like 'tis for other men
I seek some other joy, some other rest.

Fond hopes farewell! farewell to all my dreams
Save one, God bless this one where e'er I roam,
And bless and keep the ever flowing streams
That bind my aching heart to youth and home.

I have a single hope at my command—
A hope that yet defies old Time to call;
Oh infancy, thou taughtest me to stand
Mayest thou return and teach me how to fall."

These were the words of my aged friend,
At least, if I did not misapprehend;
And saying thus he bade me adieu
And where sorrow led he seemed to pursue.

The name that he bore was Sir William Sloanes
But always appeared in more cheerful tones.
I was then but a child in merriest glee
And many a time had I sat on his knee,
But at the table where he used to fare
Was ever after a vacant chair;
And on through my life his words came to mind
And moreso when life toward sorrow inclined.
No matter if youth found pleasure at home
Or manhood attempted the wild west to roam,
Those words ever after their sorrow impressed
And left a sad ray where pleasure should rest.
In eighteen hundred and forty nine
We sailed upon the treacherous brine;
I will not attempt the minutest detail,

But the thirteenth of March our ship set sail
With banners flying in splendid array
From New York port for San Francisco bay.
When bidding adieu to all of our friends,
The kisses and tears and all that attends
The departure of one from his native land,
Where youth and friendship go hand in hand,
Went the rounds in the usual way
With sobs and moans that I cannot portray.
A sailing ship being our only resource,
Paul White and I took apartments, of course,
On board the ship the Gypsy Queen,
The first in command being Captain Green.
The anchor was loosed from its hold so strong
And the ship by this time was moving along.
Talk as you will of the beautiful shores
And all of the scenes that the sailor adores,
I never beheld such a beautiful scene
As I saw from the deck of the Gypsy Queen.
The canvass back ships in beauty arose
From the water lying there in gentle repose.
Reflection and ship into each other run
Till you could not perceive where the water begun;
The banners upon the breezes flew
Contrasting their colors with heavenly blue;
The homes that decked the undulated green
Added their whiteness to the rest of the scene,
While all of their beauty was made more sweet
By the growing distance that spread at our feet.
But that growing distance filled us all with woe,

For heavily beat our hearts and slow,
Yet Paul had the courage to sing us a song
Before we had passed from the sight of the throng.
Sad hearts are indeed very hard to subdue
And doubly so when bidding adieu.

SONG.

Sweet land farewell! a long adieu
To all in thee the heart endears,
As o'er the deep and solemn blue
We view thee through these salty tears.

The storms may rage, the rains descend
Upon thy shores and all in vain,
But this our vessel soon may bend
Beneath the mighty solemn main.

Our early years here spent with thee
Have bound our hearts in love's strong chain;
This chain shall e'er unbroken be,
And strengthen with each throbbing pain.

Though bitter woes do o'er us creep
As here these thoughts we would recite
'Tis sweet to know your hearts will leap
When loving hearts again unite.

Our dear old ship is fairly strong
And this a most courageous crew,
And as we swiftly speed along
We bid to thee, sweet land, adieu!

By the time he had spoken the last adieu
Full many an eye was wet with dew.
There was nothing of import occurred on the way,

At least there was nothing I wish to portray,
Until we were nearing that southern horn
That the seas' mad waves have made so forlorn.
My muse becomes tired of a constant repeater,
He therefore wishes a change of meter.

The wind had blown since early morn
Which caused our ship to wander from her course
And blackest clouds had gathered round the horn
Which added terror to the other force.
As night came on destruction seemed more sure
So Paul and I prepared to meet the worst
And slept by turn the better to endure
The hardships of a dreaded wreck, but first
We saw that there was nothing we could do
By way of aiding passengers or crew.

So all night long the faithful prayed to God
To be delivered from a watery grave
And some left not an inch of floor untrod
While thinking of the scenes beneath the wave
And not a few let tears flow thick and fast
When e'r the ship would roll from side to side,
And with their sobs outmoan the dreaded blast,
For which the peevish oft were heard to chide,
But Paul and I retired and slept by turn,
And thus we passed the night in unconcern.

When time approached to day's advancing light
The clouds in their terrific costumes shone

As if by angry devils put to flight,
To pour their torrents o'er the mighty moan,
Which when swayed by whirlwind's awful sweep
Rolled mountain high with yawning gulfs between
And then, oh God! with one ferocious leap
The lightning stretched across the scene
And left its mark upon the parted clouds
To strip our ship of all her tangled shrouds.

Then like the roar of cannon from a fort,
Where hard fought battles rage with mighty roar
The thunders filled the air with deep report,
Which shook the torrents from their clouded store
The brave and watchful captain cleared the wreck
Of splintered masts and wet and tangled sail,
And with his might he worked to counter check
The awful power of the maddened gale.
And had our captain been a man less brave
We would no doubt have filled a watery grave.

Up from the east the golden sun arose
And darkness melted into glorious light,
While all around we saw the scenes transpose
Which put the terrors of the heart to flight,
And all the folded clouds did soon expand
And pass beyond where mortals sleep
And then as if the unseen spirit gave command,
Quiet prevailed upon the rolling deep,
And though our main mast went into the sea
Our weary souls were filled once more with glee.

We felt more safe when we had passed the horn;
Shakespeare, why askest thou: What's in a name?
I say, to all who saw that stormy morn,
Pacific struck the ear with sweet acclaim.
The crew worked hard to straighten out the sail,
That is what sail was left to straighten out.
For part had gone with that terrific gale,
And what was left was scattered round about.
That we were safe was easy to be seen,
And all agreed that "God had saved the Queen."

Our passage up the western coast was slow
And unattended by exciting spells,
Though now and then a heavy gale would blow,
But not enough to make enormous swells.
Our Captain kept the ship far out at sea,
And sighted land but twice upon the way,
But all on board were happy as could be
When landed safe in San Francisco Bay,
'Twas there we bade adieu to Captain Green,
Likewise to all on board the Gypsy Queen.

That year they came from every part of earth
To search the hills for California gold.
They thought that every sparkling thing was worth
The value of an ancient copyhold.
The streets were filled with men from every land,
And every race beneath the shining sun;
Though female souls were then in great demand,
For men out numbered women ten to one.

So Paul and I wished not to linger long
Within the bounds of this well mixed up throng.

My notion was to go alone throughout

The hills and valleys, searching like the rest,
But Paul thought wise to hire an Indian scout,
And now I plainly see that he thought best,
But I prevailed and so we went alone.

First though we got a saddle horse apiece
And packed three burros well with bread and bone.

These hardships made our appetites increase,
So by the time we got well on the road
We found it needful to increase our load.

Although our burros were both old and slow

We soon had crossed the swamps below the bay
To where the Catholic mission made a shōw

Near by the lovely site of San Jose.
The people whom we met and passed among
Were Spanish speaking men and not well bred,
But one afternoon a darkey came along,
And when I asked concerning game, he said:
"Well sah, de mountain b'ar am wild and fierce,
And feathered varmint too am mighty skeerce."

We crossed the hills and then the San Joaquin

And here one burro quit and would not go,
We coaxed and whipped and wasted all our spleen
And still the burro would not stir, although
He ate the grass as far as he could reach.

We packed his load upon the other two,
And journeyed on there leaving him to bleach
His bones as all such brutes had ought to do;
But four days passed and just when we had dined
Here came the burro we had left behind.

That afternoon I wandered up the dell
And far above I saw a rising smoke
While fears arose which I could not dispel
And with each rising fear I seemed to choke;
But on I went determined to find out
If he who camped so near were friend or foe,
And wishing not to be seen I played the scout
And strolled around my fears to overthrow;
But no, and even yet my heart bemoans,
For lo, it was my friend Sir William Sloanes.

There I saw the old man kneeling,
And his words came o'er me stealing,
Like the sound of bells when pealing
Solemn strokes of measured rhyme;
So when now the bells are chiming,
Solemn thoughts assist my rhyming,
And methinks I see him climbing
O'er the broken hills of Time.

Old and bent the worthy master,
Older grew and yet still faster,
When the thoughts of hope's disaster
Pierced and pained his aged breast;

Though his locks were long and hoary,
Strength remained to tell the story
Of each hope to life a glory,
Till that hope was laid at rest.

Yet the flush of youth came over
Every wrinkle of the rover,
Like the bloom upon the clover,
Mingled with the rocks of Time;
These appeared when thoughts of pleasure
Over filled his heart's own measure
To become the sweetest treasure
Crowning age with looks sublime.

"Oh, the way that I have worried
O'er the hopes that there lie buried
On the hills o'er which I hurried
To the slopes of life's decline;
Trembling age at last has caught me
And the dearest lesson taught me,
'Tis to trust in Him who brought me
To this life which I resign.

"Every hope," said he, "does vanish,
And its pain I've tried to banish,
But with every stroke I planish
Fetters for my aching heart;
And with melancholy madness
I have bound my heart in sadness
Which should sparkle with its gladness
And be free from any dart."

Then he emphasized each letter,
Making every accent better,
Grasping each unbroken fetter
Tore them from his withered heart.
"Get thee from me painful sorrow,
Seek no more to beg or borrow,
My heart for thy piercing arrow,
There's no room for thy vile dart."

Oh, the sight to see him sobbing,
And to hear his heart a throbbing,
While his soul was there disrobing,
Leaving flesh for earthly shrine.
Rising then the old man stumbled,
And upon the ground he tumbled,
And in dying accents mumbled:
"Let me rest in peace divine!"



LOVE'S FAREWELL KISS.

No more shall we meet, dear Gertie, where love
Can heal the sharp wound that controls,
Yet the brightest dream that falls from above
Is to dream of reunion of souls.

Though long have I sought a blissful retreat
From that sweet, sad, painful sorrow,
Yet the sunset of hope is longing to meet
That same sweet pain on the morrow.

Still there is something quite pleasant
In grief from a lover's last kiss,
For hope, so sweetly incessant,
Does make it a melancholy bliss.

How sweet to think of last meeting
There among the bloom laden trees,
Where love to love gave sweetest greeting
And perfume swelled the summer breeze.

I gently pressed thee to my bosom,
And heart to heart did fondly beat;
Oh, why should cruel pride unbosom,
While lip to lip gave nectars sweet?

But such was fate to us, dear Gertie,
Our loving hearts were rent atwain,
For haughty pride is ever sturdy
And doubly so when parents reign.



TO J. S. HAWKINS.

The years are on the wing, dear Jack,
The years are on the wing,
And sad to think we call not back
The joys we backward fling.

The thread we weave into the past,
The warp and woof of years,
Is to me sweet for it is classed
With pearls of friendship's tears.

I will not say that life is sad,
I will not coin the lie,
For twice a lad, and thrice a dad,
Is more than wealth can buy.

'Tis far apart we two must dwell,
Or so the fates have ruled,
And yet 'tis well, no pen can tell
How friendship might be cooled.

And distance may be overcome
And if thy prayers attend,
I'll hie away and spend a day
With thee, my heart-warm friend.

But Time is on the wing, dear Jack,
Old Time is on the wing,
And sad to think we call not back
The joys we backward fling.



MY JULIA.

To the hills and vales where flowers bloom
And give off perfume sweetly,
I'll hie away to spend a day
Enrapt with joy completely;
But ere I go, I'd have you know
That pleasure is unruly
Without my bride close at my side,
My own fair happy Julia.

But seashore trips I like the best
And don't you e'er be doubting,
For maidens fair dress almost bare,
When at their summer outing.
Oh, where is bliss that's like to this.
E'en though I tell you truly,
I take my wife, my joy, my life,
My own fair happy Julia.

But, ah, you know not what befell
When we went out last summer,
My pretty bride lost all her pride
And ran off with a plumber;

But do not weep yourself to sleep
Nor tell my aged mother,
Just save your tears and have no fears
For I have got another.

TO LOVE.

Whence is, O Love, the fullness of thy soul?
And when in heaven's name was it begun?
Thy children murmur not at thy control,
Which is, oh Love, as ancient as the sun.

In youth thou comest forth in sweet array
Adorning all with thy ecstatic bliss
And yet in age 'Thou lovest not a ray
Nor sendest e'en a single one amiss.

Thou creepest on the wrinkles of old age
Like dancing moon-beams on the frosty snow;
But great, oh, Love, is that sweet heritage
When thou and smiling youth together glow.

The mighty oaks give way beneath their load;
The rocks bow down to Time and his decay;
And men pass on to their "last sad abode,"
But Thou, O Love, proceedest on thy way.

TO A FRIEND.

In this fair country where no frosty snows
Disturb the blooming of the fragrant rose;
Where all the seasons form themselves in one
And feel the glow of each returning sun;
I stopped a while beside the lonely stream
To pluck the numbers from fair Nature's theme.

For you, my friend, whose better judgement leads
A happy life in pleasant rural meads,
Desire to read in numbers or in prose
Descriptions which my travels oft propose.

Oh, happy Muse, divinely tune the lyre
For heights to which sublimer bards aspire;
Touch thou my soul to sweet concordant strains
To sing anew of scenic hills and plains,
Where with thy own communion oft I stray
And learn to love thee dearer as I play.
For thou hast lead me through distant lands to roam
And in their solitudes to find my home.
Attend ye flowers with sweetest breath attend

And to the glorious morn your fragrance lend.
Ye zepthers come, and let the dews take wing
That nurtured still my soul may better sing,
For in these solitudes the soul obeys
The melancholy touch the muse conveys,
And gently flows the rhythm to the theme.
Like the rippling murmurs of the rural stream;
The cricket's music and the echo's spell
O'er the moving shadows of the evening swell;
And rapt to golden dawn the happy strains
Are borne by zepthers over hills and plains,
Where joined by music of the feathered clan
Inspire the gentle thoughts of woeful man.

As when Pygmalion kissed the marble lip
(Which was the choice of all his workmanship,)
And felt the coldness of that chisled stone
Turn into virgin warmth and meet his own;
Just so with me, I feel all nature glow
With virgin blushes, and I love them so.

When ancient bards had tuned the lyre to please
And swept the cords with melancholy ease,
The future ages all enchanted came
And bowed in honor to the muse's flame;
Heavenly sphere's attendant on each strain
Circling away came circling back again;
While soft voiced echoes round the music thronged
And the ceasing notes of every strain prolonged
'Till now methinks that on the pensive ear
No tone is half so sweet nor half so clear.

And so where Albion's hills and smiling vales

Were animated by the nightingales;
Or on the castled banks of the winding Rhine
Where people till the soil to grow the vine;
Or where Italia's plains are decked with flowers
And heaven's nectars fall in pearly showers;
Or where Olympus held the gilded throne
And gods oft met in parlance of their own,
The themes were found by bards of other days
Whose souls o'erflowed with their descriptive lays;
Likewise for me these hills their beauties lend
To glorify my course and give it trend.
From the yet famous fields of Valley Forge
To where the cliffs o'erhang the Royal Gorge,
And on where mountains rear their heads in snow
To where Columbia's deepest waters flow,
Through gorgeous hills my snake-like course I bend
Nor hasten on but drink the joys they lend.

In this soft silence I am led to sing
Of flowery vales where living waters spring;
Of mountain trout that thrup the crystal pond
And send the cheerful waves in circles round;
Of virgin falls that spread the silvery veil
And leap the rugged cliffs into the dale;
Of rock-bound gulfs where icy waters flow
Relieving higher mountains of their snow;
Of silent Time who slowly eats away
While ancient rocks go tumbling with decay;
Yet, like fair Greece, majestic in their fall,
Their pomp responds through echo's mystic call,
And as these walls inclose me round about

I shout and still they give back shout for shout.
And thus I find in all my course around,
That as I speak kind nature will respond;
A pensive bard sings but a pensive lay,
A pleasant soul finds pleasure every day;
The sad-faced dove, a long drawn pensive coo,
And as you sing all nature sings to you.

Now on the bank of the desert stream I stand
And see her waters sink beneath the sand;
Now by Missouri's waters I am led
To see them hollow out their mountain bed;
Now slowly trace them back to bubbling springs
To see how great grow out of smaller things;
And when my eyes some newer scenes require
To the gorgeous Colorado I retire,
And from those massive mountains looking down
I see the gapping canon's awful frown
And watch those eddies whirling as they play
That down below are cataract'd away.

Yet as I look my thoughts return to you
And pleasant scenes our happy childhood knew;
In that old brick, we school boys, looking down
Surveyed the bounds of that old Quaker town;
Which there in all her simple beauty lay
The pride of them, the spirit moves to pray;
For honest quakers oft to worship go
And as the spirit moves they worship so;
This time exhort, the next in prayer beseech
The power from on high to better preach;
Or, sit in silence when no spirit moves

For oft the weary spirit disapproves.

And yet in all my wandering around
No better class of people have I found;
To Heaven's call the multitudes respond
And strive to reach that blissful home beyond;
Their peaceful lives let virtue lead the way
To make felicity of every day.

But why call up this Quaker town alone
For there a thousand villiages have grown,
Where happy youth in all his sportive glee
Grew monarch of the fields as well as we.
Fired by a thousand hopes of future bliss
You to follow that and I to follow this;
Our hearts flashed bright with every flint-like ray
Which, coming quickly, quickly passed away.
Yet who dare say that man or even brute
Finds in possession more joy than in pursuit;
For when in youth the fairy butterfly
Sailed out of reach another one was nigh;
Just so 'tis now fond hopes I yet pursue
And as they vanish find pleasure in the new

I turn my eyes to view the upper air
Where Zeus and his lover oft repair,
And with their lovely graces interfere
With all the beauties of the passing sphere,
And there behold in fleecy chambers lie
Those lovers whom the heavens glorify.
But Zeus tried to fool his better half
By changing Io to the form of calf,
So all succeeding females learned to rise

And watch their husband with an hundred eyes,
Lest in the darkness of his secret path
He grow inconstant as the wife of Bath.

Oh, Callisto, thy bear-like form portrays
The beauty which the gods were wont to praise,
For even now though changed into a bear,
Thy starry eyes are many times more fair;
'Tis not for thee o'er Eastern hills to creep,
Nor pass the Western slope into the deep;
But ever thine to keep a watchful eye
Upon the fruits of Juno's jealousy.

Back to the Earth I turn my visual ray
And here behold the San Francisco bay;
And as I wind her sandy coast around
I tread, methinks on consecrated ground;
For here Castillians blessed the sacred moss
And raised on high Dolores' holy cross;
How often were the natives made rejoice
By gentle accents of the padre's voice;
For, as to wildest tribes good Sera lead,
He often lifted up his voice and said:
"Come to the church and here receive the faith
That gives eternal life even through death!"
So on to many tribes the padre bled
"Preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Who sees but death sees not the nobler plan,
Which brings me now to view the tomb of man.
With slow and measured step I tread the ground
Where the last sad resting place of man is found;
For if there is a sacred spot of earth

'Tis here that man pays well for what 'tis worth;
And though his soul fly to celestial air
His dust must to the solemn tomb repair
And there beneath the weeping willows lie
All stripped, yes, stripped of immortality;
Monarch for a day, then fill an earthly urn
For "soul to soul and dust to dust return."
Yet not content with nature's unkind laws
Man destroys man and seeks to find a cause;
Nation against nation stands arrayed
To bathe in human blood the battle blade;
With bow and arrows men have learned to slay
And bloody war has marked the pilgrim's way;
Of all the evils that the years disclose,
War's desolations bring the worst of woes;
Surviving men are left in sorrow's gloom
And all the Earth is made one mighty tomb.

When Actaeon saw Diana's naked form
Her face flushed red with anger's fiery storm;
And still afraid lest he should make his brag,
She changed his form into a fleet-foot stag;
Then off he sprung, chased by his own loud pack,
O'er hill and vale, then circled on his track,
But all in vain, he fell a luckless prey
To hounds he once had cheered upon their way.
And thus with war, it follows up the plan
And conquers soon or late poor foolish man;
The very man that cheers the battle on
In battle falls and finds his life-blood gone.
Oh, Arbitration! thou, the Prince of Peace,

We search for thee as for the golden fleece;
When thou art come no son 'gainst sire shall rise,
Nor smoke from warring nations fill the skies;
'Tis then the force of war will all be spent,
The bows be broken and the spears be bent.
With wondering eye the Britain views the state
That grew to be the pride of all the great;
Out of dependence independence grew
And round her form the cloak of liberty threw,
So let us teach, and teach it while we may,
That arbitration casts a peaceful ray,
While education finds her lot to be
The kind protector of that liberty.

Let nymphs that seek the solitude to dwell
And echo-like fast weave the mystic spell,
There hold in ecstasy the listening woods
Or still the roaring of the swift flowing floods;
But round the humble fireside let there be
The guardian angel of sweet liberty;
For what is life but seeking after bliss
Which ne'er can be when Freedom goes amiss.
He who seeks bliss must feel her spirit burn,
Who seeks without finds but an empty urn.

But I must check my muse's lengthening lay,
For duty calls and I must soon away;
Back to the hill where purling water flows
I take my course to find my sweet repose;
And when in death I reach my journey's end,
I hope to meet my life-long cherished friend;
Oh, may we then have memories of the hours

When here we watched the variegated flowers
Lean o'er the brooklet like Narcissus' shade
To kiss reflections which the waters made.

THE BANNER OF FREEDOM.

A FOURTH OF JULY POEM.

Far in the depths of the dark distant past
An Angel of Freedom spread her broad wing,
And searched through the earth for a land more vast
To aid in deliverance from a tyrannical King.
Then up with her banner, her pinions spread wide,
Like an angel of love, a nation's fair pride,
On a proud oaken staff let there be unfurled
The banner of Freedom, the pride of the world.

That Angel, plume-clad in the white robes of glory
Sailed on and on through the darkness of the past,
Sailed on o'er kingdoms whose battle blade gory
In each new war bathed the stains of the last;
Sailed on and on 'bove the war-clouds of Time
In search of this, fair America's clime,
And plucked from the skies their stars and unfurled
The banner of Freedom, the pride of the world.

Strong was the clasp of the bands and the chain
That bound every soul to an imbecile King;
To the true and the brave all effort was vain
Till the Angel of Freedom had spread her wing;
Then the hope that filled each patriot's breast
Fanned into flame till their wrongs were redressed,
On a proud oaker staff was there unfurled
The banner of Freedom, the pride of the world.

With the "hatchet" of truth, and hearts for the right
They burst every band and loosed every chain,
For the Angel of Freedom kept guard thro' the fight
And the tyrant of old was bowed with the slain,
No more could he stretch his tyrannical hand
Across to oppress America's fair land;
From the historic oak was still unfurled
The banner of Freedom, the pride of the world.

This done the black clouds of war rolled away,
And Freedom led on to prosperity;
The nation that learned to worship this day
Has bequeathed all her rights to the sons of the free
Oh, may they still keep and continue to love
Those rights that are dear as the angels above,
And may they continue to keep there unfurled
The banner of Freedom, the pride of the world.

As the smoke rolled away they cast out all hate,
And wept o'er the tomb of merciless crime;
So onward and onward our great "ship of state"

• Spreads her fair sails on the broad sea of Time;
She seeks no supremacy o'er other known lands
But grants unto others the rights she demands;
While ever above her we see unfurled
The banner of Freedom, the pride of the world.

She sailed through the storm of rebellion and strife
And broke every link in slavery's strong chain,
Posterity must guard 'gainst the tyrant's new life
Lest he find birth in avaricious gain,
For out of the darkness a wolf shall come,
And the tread of the grey-eyed beast is dumb,
And she is heard not though we see there unfurled
The banner of Freedom, the pride of the world.

Beware of the lank-ribbed wolf in time,
For yea, the power in monopolized wealth,
And the green-eyed leopard of sin and crime
Is destructive of peace and moral health.
Thou tyrant, we rise and look down upon thee
With pity and scorn that are born of the free;
We will let no beast of the night be curled
Round the staff of Freedom, the pride of the world.

Turn here and look up toward heaven's great dome
And the red, white and blue there meet the glad eye
Or sail o'er the seas and above the white foam
Our banner of Freedom adorns every sky.
'Tis not a "sad relic of departed worth"
But an emblem of the bravest of earth

On a proud caken staff there remains unfurled
The banner of Freedom, the pride of the world.

So bring forth the cannon, fire-crackers and all,
And join in this grand and great celebration,
From every hamlet we still hear the call,
That Freedom's the watchword over the nation.
God bless and preserve her in grandest array,
And bless every soul on our nation's birthday,
For again we have met to see here unfurled
The banner of Freedom, the pride of the world.

FLOSSIE RAME.

The morning glories oped their eyes
While floating clouds had streaked skies,
The pearly dews were ling'ring yet
Where zephyrs and the perfumes met;
The honey-bees did hum the tune
That marked the coming days of June,
While back from the distant farmyard came
The charming voice of Flossie Rame.

Adown the winding country road
The villiage master often strode,

The idle hours to pass away
On the beauties of the early day.
He knew not why his heart should leap,
When distant song did o'er him creep,
Yet every morn he felt the same
On hearing the voice of Flossie Rame.

In hopeful hours he dared to dream
Of stately halls and courts supreme,
Of coachmen proud and horses gay
To drive abroad in grand array,
Of winding walks in garden plot,
Where fortune smiles and murmurs not;
Then floating across the meadow came
The song from the lips of Flossie Rame.

"That voice," said he, "is light and gay
As hobolink in early May.
No heavy heart could voice the glee
That wings its way across the lea.
No soul but sweetest maidenhood
Could fill with song the distant wood;
I ne'er have met with lass or dame
With voice so sweet as Flossie Rame."

"Never again shall haughty pride
Within my throbbing heart abide.
The sweets of life are more times felt
Where wealth or fame has never dwelt,
And blessed contentment lingers round

The heart that pride has never found,
The joy my spirit would reclaim
Inspires the song of Flossie Rame."

"Thou haughty pride, thou hollow name
Go seek the shaky ladder of fame;
Go lift thy head in self esteem
But leave me here with joys to beam.
I'll stay where they have learned the song
That bears the spirit of joy along,
And learn to sing with sweet acclaim
That song as sung by Flossie Rame."

THE OLD GIVES WAY TO THE NEW.

Ye distant vales, ye blooming fields,
Ye pleasant hills where flowers bloom,
And to the morning zepthers yield
The fullness of your sweet perfume;
Look to the fashions of the day!
We bow not now to your decree,
But leave your beauties to decay
To watch the maiden in her glee.

Our sight was once consumer
Of the beauties you reveal;
But now its on the bloomer
And the bloomer's on the wheel.

Back in the days of forty-nine
When California bloomed with gold,
The boys and girls around the mine
Did dance to music worn and old.
The old Virginia reel was taught
And danced by old and young alike
But in those days they never thought
Of such a horrid word as "bike."
Now we care not to be dancin'
O' the ol' Virginia reel;
For all eyes are on the bloomer
And the bloomer's on the wheel.

The good old days are past and gone,
The footman now is nowhere seen.
The road that horses traveled on
Is covered with the new machine.
The melancholy thought does bring
Into my eyes the flowing tears;
My dappled gray has lost, poor thing,
The place he held for many years.
He ne'er will be resumer
Of his former cherished weal,
For all eyes are on the bloomer
And the bloomer's on the wheel.

GREED FOR GAIN.

Here broad stretched upon this land I see
The ever cherished form of Liberty.
That liberty which knows no King's command,
Which knows not ought but rightfully demand
Those rights with which all men were first endowed
Before the Kingly man was garland browed.
'Tis not for me to spurn the Kingly state,
But only give the thoughts of those who hate
Oppressor's rods, and yea, old Slavery's chain,
Which now is wrought by Hellish greed for gain.
But should I sing a satirizing strain,
When Freedom's blood does course thro' every vein?
But ah, sad thought, a most sad thought indeed,
A land of Plenty, yet, a land of Need.
Dear Huntington to you I wish to say,
To your dishonest and offensive clay,
You, whose pilfered gold has never met defeat,
You, whose soul the wrath of Hell must meet,
Your every act a scorpion's nest will prove
To hatch out broods no cunning can remove.
To you, who think my words are much too strong,
And think perchance that I am in the wrong,
Look, where the funding bill's vile nest is hung,
Look, where that corporation's chart was sprung,
Look, where the gold from peasant's hands is wrung
If that be good, my song should go unsung.

OUR SCHOOL VACATION.

Come away! Come away!
Come away you girls and boys,
Leave behind your city toys,
And we'll have a short vacation in the morning,
Come away to where the rills
Flow from out the rugged hills,
And the merry birds are singing in the morning.

CHORUS.

Come away! Come away!
Come away to where the hearts are all a beating
Come away! Come away!
For the birds will give you all a merry greeting.

Come away! Come away!
Come away from work and school,
Leave behind the teacher's rule
And we'll spend the summer months in recreation.
Come and join our merry band,
As we all go hand in hand:
Oh, the fun that we will have in our vacation!

TO APOLLO.

Thou ever gracious Apollo!
Presiding Judge of the Muses,
Teach thou my soul to follow
The perfume thy art diffuses,

Lead forth into the garden
Where grow the blooming verses,
And let me ask no pardon
For the songs my soul rehearses.

There teach me how to gather
The fairest of the flowers,
To make more sweet, or rather
To wreathe with happy hours.

Teach me to pluck the flavor
Leaving the stalk still planted;
I ask no greater favor
Than others have been granted.

The greatest of the sages
Whose souls sweet verse perfuses,
The fairest of all ages
Were favored by the Muses.

So bring me in communion
With the beauties of all nature
Allowing no disunion
Of extensive nomenclature.

THE HEROES OF LIBERTY.

Oft in the shadows of mournful thought
A lingering scene of the past is found,
The past whose awful battles were fought
In defense of God and liberty's ground.
The monarchs of old were lost in the tide
Of flowing blood where heroes have died,
Have died and commingled their bones with dust
In defense of a cause that is ever just.
So today we honor that heroic band
Whose glories are ever on the wing.
There's eternal life for them and their land
For their love of Liberty is our King.

So tell me not ye bards of today
That the heroes who fought in that cause are dead ;
'Twas a costly price they were called on to pay
For the flag that now floats high over your head.
Yet eternal life they found on the field
When the monarchs of old were there made to yield
And the onward roll of the passing years
Shall but lengthen the lives that our nation endears

And today we honor that heroic band
Whose glories are ever on the wing,
There's eternal life for them and their land
For their love of Liberty is our King.

We look with pride o'er this glorious land
To the countless homes of the brave and the free,
To the evergreen vales so grandly grand
And the hills all crowned with prosperity.
Ye vales that bloom to beauty and health,
Ye hills that abound in millions of wealth,
What would your beauty and richness be
Were it not for the blessings of sweet liberty.
So up and hurrah! for Liberty's land,
Her glories are ever on the wing.
There's eternal life for heaven's free band;
And their love of Liberty is our King.

Ye Liberty loving heroes of the past
Look to the earth from your celestial throne
And behold the fruits of the seed you cast
To be nurtured in your blood until grown.
Behold a nation great, wise and free;
Behold her ships upon every sea;
Behold a people, that honor the brave
Who laid down their lives great Freedom to save.
So hip, hip, hurrah! for Liberty's land,
Her glories are ever on the wing,
There's eternal life for heaven's free band
And their love of Liberty is our King.

HAPPINESS.

Some men are happy while others are not
Though some of their reasons I long since forgot.
But one, I am sure, said his full stock in trade is
To be on good terms with all of the ladies.
Another is happy because it is clear
That he hasn't a neighbor, comrade or peer
Who can order a dinner in quality as fine
As the order he gives when he goes out to dine.
Another is happy and contented with life
Because he succeeded in getting a wife;
While another finds pleasure in working his art,
E'en though ambition finds not there a part.
True pleasure is found, says one, if you seek
The joy of others seven days in the week.
But another tries to accomplish in life
So much that it brings to him misery and strife.
Josh Billings was right when he said to the press
That "Nothing succeeds so well as success."
But as for myself I have troubles indeed,
And yet I am happy to see others succeed.
So we each have a hobby that each of us ride,
And even the ladies do now sit astride
And there take pleasure in riding a "bike."
So all are happy in that which we like.

MARGARITE.

Margarite, Margarite,
Who said "thou art not sweet?"
The fragrant roses of the field
Their perfumes to the breezes yield;
The lillies in the garden dwell,
And in their purity do well;
Yet thou art sweet.

Margarite, Margarite,
Who said "thou art not neat?"
The morning glories ope their eyes
As soon as dawn has streaked the skies;
The daisies and the buttercup
Are all in sweetness swallowed up;
Yet thou art sweet.

Margarite, Margarite,
Who said "thou art a cheat?"
The helitrope that climbs the wall
And makes the June bugs far to fall;
The pansies with their mixtured hue
Are pretty when wet with pearly dew;
Yet thou art sweet

TO A SNAIL.

This snail crawled from a flower pot onto my carpet
and died before getting half way across. It left a slimy
trail, which, when dry, resembled silver.

Thou slowly moving creature,
Thou windest thy way along,
O'er the deserts of my carpet
Nor heed the passing throng.

So slow and yet how constant
Is the moving of the form,
No fits and starts of anger
Are waxing around thee warm.

Thy winding trail upon my carpet
Is silvery as the moon;
But lo, thy desert course has brought thee
To thy death before thy noon.

How like the lives of many men,
Who crawl o'er the sands of Time,
And reach their death just at the point
That should be manhood's prime.

But could the trail of man be scanned
As plainly as thine own;
Where is the man who would care to see
The fruits of what he's sown.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MAGNATE—C.
P. HUNTINGTON.

(AFTER SCOTT.)

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The magnate was infirm and old,
His withered cheek and hairless pate
Seemed to have known a better fate.
The "bill," his only "funding bill"
Was handled not to suit his will.
The worst of all rich men was he,
To eat the honey and starve the bee.
So when to congress he had fled
He found his tuneful servants dead,
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest;
No more in congress could he stand
And to his servants give command.
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest;
He paid no honest debts of old
But sought to void them with his gold.
Old times have changed, and all because
More honest men now make the laws;

God grant that now and for all time
They call his thieving art a crime.
He quits the halls of congress now,
To mop the sweat from off his brow,
And seek for friends among the poor,
Whom he had robbed of all their store.
He tunes to please a peasant's ear,
The harp no goldbug cares to hear,
For while he sweeps the golden thread,
He robs them of their "daily bread."

HURRAH FOR THE JOLLY THREE.

AIR: "MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

Fill up the bowl my jolly boys
And fill it to the crown,
We'll drink the health of girls and boys
Who live in Amboy town,
And sing and dance and tell our joys
As good as any clown,
While we are merry with dancing.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for all the Jolly Three,
Hurrah! Hurrah! the boys are full of glee;
The boys and girls do sing and dance quite good
enough for me,

While we are merry with dancing.

We often have a chicken roast,
Its better far than pie,
With Zed and Berve to make a toast
Before we drink the rye;
There's furr at every hitching post
And music in the sky,
While we are merry with dancing.

Oh, do you mind the prayers we made
When all around was still,
The Quaker just beneath our shade
With rapture we did fill,
And then he sent his only maid
To ask us for our will,
To join us in meeting and pleasure.

We made a trip one stormy night
When all was white with snow
And locked the school house good and tight,
Then homeward we did go,
And left the boys inside to fight,
Or break the lock below,
While we were running with pleasure.

ON FINDING A SKELETON.

Some luckless pilgrim of the past
Has stopped beside this mountain way,
And given back to earth at last
Her borrowed dome of crumbling clay.

No penciled slab proclaims his worth,
Nor wealth-raised vault entombs his form;
But lies he here upon the earth
Unmindful of old Winter's storm.

Oh dust, thou feelest not the surge
Of this unresting sea of Time!
Nor hearest thou the brook's low dirge
That echo fills with notes sublime.

Nor will the beckoning hand of vice
Now seek to swerve thy upright course,
Nor mock thy thoughtless erring grice
With untold scourges of remorse.

For thou art sung to dreamless sleep
By solitudes enchanting song,
So let the hills thy secret keep,
And chide them not if they do wrong.

TO A LOVER.

I have but one hope while living,
I have but a single desire,
I hope to be always found giving
The fullness of my heart entire

Fair love, to thee I would give it,
For with thee is heavenly bliss,
I've tried though I cannot out live it—
No suffering is like unto this.

A hive with no queen is repining,
And light with no eyes is a loss;
The heavens above thee are shining,
But their light without thee is a dross.

I've studied my heart's deep feeling,
And fanned from mine eyes their dew,
But mine eyes go on with their stealing,
And my heart beats on but for you.

Come love, inspire me to pleasure,
It requires but a single word,
That word is the gem of all treasure;
I pray that it soon may be heard.

A sigh, a word, or a motion,
A motion, a word, or a sigh,
Each, all, are but love and devotion
That no one but thee can supply.

THE RAIN.

Hear the patter of the rain,
Gentle rain.

In the center of the street,
Hear the patter of the feet,
Making music so complete
To entertain.

Oh, merry, merry rain,
Falling rain,
How its little pearly beads,
Sprout the dry and dormant seeds
Of the flowers and the weeds
Upon the plain.

Oh, the blessings of the rain,
Gentle rain,
How the buds begin to swell,
And so quietly fortell,
Of the fruits that will excell,
And long sustain.

Sweet the music of the rain,
Pearly rain.
It will reach the needy first,
And will quench the soldier's thirst,
When his wounds are paining worst,
Of all the slain.

Hear the thunder and the rain,
Thunder rain.
Oh, it sounds like rolling hills,
When the Heaven's have their drills,
Or the roaring lion fills,
The air with pain.

Sweet the ceasing of the rain,
Ceasing rain.
When the thunders rest in peace,
And the clouds begin to fleece,
Then the rain is "heard to cease"
Its sweetest strain.



THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

There's beauty in mother nature,
To the bright observing eye;
There's joy whenever one may look
From earth to the far blue sky.

There's music in the whistling wind,
Knowledge in the babbling stream;
The sleep of man will ever find
Delight in a lovely dream.

There's beauty in the early morn,
When flowers with dew are wet;
There's beauty in the Western sky
When the evening sun is set.

There's delight in the glow of love,
And love in the heart that glows;
There's vigor in the breath of Life
And rest in breathless repose.

There's calmness in Mother Nature,
Relief from the tears you weep;
Her mighty foot will ever rock
The cradle of dreamless sleep.

There's comfort in the hopes of man,
Pleasure in the songs we sing;
There's good in all the walks of life,
And beauty in everything.

THE SONG OF KATY-DID.

When the day has made a slow retreat,
But lingers away in the sky,
And fox-fire shines with glowing heat
And drowsy my eyelids lie;
And 'round the fire the miller flits,
Then Katy is whetting her wits, her wits,
Then Katy is whetting her wits.

The whip-poor-will rejoices, too,
When Katy is singing to me,
As if he, too, the secret knew
Of how to be happy and free;
I would that I were as happy as he,
Reflecting the life to be, to be,
Reflecting the life to be.

The fire bugs light their candles bright,
The owl is leaving his tree;
The moon peeps in upon the sight,
A bright little moon is she,
But none so bright and none so light
As Katy in all her glee, her glee,
As Katy in all her glee.

Teach me thy song, sweet Katy-did,
 I long to be happy like thee;
 For in thy song there must be hid
 The secret of every known glee;
 I only ask thee, Katy-did,
 The secret of all thy glee, thy glee,
 The secret of all thy glee.

My Katy-did then kindly said:
 "The way to be happy and free
 Is to live this life before its fled
 Instead of the life to be;
 Rejoice, be glad, the feast is spread,
 I've given to you the key, the key,
 Of life in my song of glee."

MY LOST LOUISE.

Thou deep and solemn ocean,
 Thou everlasting sea,
 Thy rising neap with one great sweep
 Left naught to love for me.
 Her face was young and comely,
 Hung round with wavy hair;

Her heart was true as eyes were blue,
And I the plighted heir.
Anguish and pain unceasing
Have filled my youthful heart,
The one I love has gone above,
My soul's own counterpart.
Sun, moon and stars may vanish,
The earth pass into night,
For what are these without Louise,
But soul consuming blight.

THERE IS NO MAN BUT HAS A FAULT.

Have ever you met a friend, dear boy,
A friend of the truest kind,
Whose heart would leap when you had joy,
But ached when you repined?

Have ever you met a friend, dear boy,
Whose eyes were wet with dew
To see a trouble round you come?
That friend was certainly true.

If ever you meet a friend so fair,
Whose heart beats on for you,
Cause imperfection lingers there
Don't take him to be untrue.

A TRUE LOVE VOW.

Thy lips are red as rosebuds, dear,
Sweet smiles around them play;
A lingering sweetness binds me here,
I cannot break away.

Oft when the moon-beams' gentle light
Rolls the darkness away,
The nectars of thy lips unite
To bind my heart a prey.

Thy rosebud lips dispell my gloom
And happy is the hour
That makes my true love's lips to bloom
Into a passion flower.

And when I press them to my own
I get a quick return—
A thrill that penetrates the throne
Where sits my soul to yearn.

The more I kiss, the more I yearn
For kisses warm and pure;
And true the hearts that ever burn,
To make true love endure.

How glad the heart that lies secure
In true love's strong embrace!
How sad the heart that's made impure
And left in sad disgrace!

MY LOVE.

My love, when thou art near,
All things seem bright and glorious;
Thou fillest the very atmosphere
With love full meritorious.

As through the heavens clusters meet,
And pass around one center,
So 'tis with thee, all beauties greet
Thy soul as their inventor.

Oh, what bliss were in thy love!
For beauties round thee cluster;
Heavenly orbs around thee move
And dazzle in thy luster.

MY PILGRIM FROM THE OCEAN

Once I saw a pilgrim strolling,
Resting, rising, rumbling, rolling,
And I said, "Who art thou stranger,
Thus to fret and foam and roll?"
Then the stranger answered wisely,
And he answered most advisedly,
"Faith," said he, "my name is water,
And I seek a Heavenly goal."

Next I saw a pilgrim resting,
Far beyond where birds go nesting.
So I stopped and asked the question
That I oft had asked before;
But his greeting was much colder,
And his manner somewhat bolder,
Than the other who made answer
In the pleasant days of yore.

"Long ago," said he, "I met you,
And my motion seemed to fret you,

And you asked the self same question
When we met upon the shore.
Do not think that I am jesting,
When I tell you I am resting;
I have changed my name to ice, sir,
Simply changed, and nothing more."

Then I saw another stranger
Rise above all earthly danger,
Soar above the struggling masses,
Seeking some more gentle shore.
Every motion seemed more lovely,
As he sailed around above me,
And I said "Why that's my pilgrim
Changing form, and nothing more."

Silent was the changing motion,
Of the pilgrim from the ocean,
As he taught me how these changes
Bring us to that promised goal.
Oh, what bliss were in the motion
Of the lesson from the ocean!
Life to death, and death to end,
In transformation of the soul.



THE HOME OF PEACE.

Mournful thoughts come o'er me creeping,
When I see the willow weeping
O'er the dead who there lie sleeping
 Their release.

Let the weeping of the willow
Flow to meet the foaming billow,
For it softens not the pillow
 Of surcease.

And the stillness and the luster,
Of the throne where angels cluster,
Hears no sound of earthly bluster
 And caprice.

And the sadness and the sorrow,
That this life does make or borrow,
Reaches not within the narrow
 Home of peace.

Think not they of earthly power,
Nor the honor of the hour,
As they sleep beneath the flower,
 Sown in peace;

"Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,"
Till great Heaven's day is breaking,
And the soul is gently shaking
 Off decease.

Oh, let speech in its oration
Mingle thoughts of sweet salvation
O'er the dead of every nation's
 Home of peace.

WORKING IN THE GARDEN.

Gently speed the moments when I pass away the
 time
Jotting down my thoughts in systematic rhyme;
Working in the garden of animated flowers
Is a very pleasant way to pass the fleeting hours;
Writing now of pleasure, then again of pain,
Just inverts the order of "sunshine after rain;"
But it really all depends on the manner and the
 mood,
Whether what one writes is cloudy or whether it
 is good.

The mind is sometimes beaming with thoughts
of coming days,

When the soul will be a shining and with youth-
ful passions blaze;

Then again the mind is clouded with a horrid
greed for gain,

And from out the cloudy mind falls a melancholy
strain.

I sometimes read Lord Byron and sometimes
Thomas Moore,

And every time I find a gem I never saw before;
Again I listen to the song of sweet Sir Walter
Scott,

How well the aged "minstrel" played the music
once forgot;

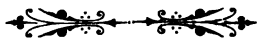
But Goldsmith peers above them all "the fairest
of the train,"

No other bard has yet produced one half so sweet
a strain.

The kind and able minister and people whom he
taught

Were spoken of in common words, but oh, how
sweet the thought!

So working in the garden of animated flowers,
Is a very pleasant way to pass the fleeting hours.



THE PASSING OF THE DYING YEAR.

Softly the rustling of the leaves was heard
As if by some expiring breath there stirred,
"Perchance the sorrow laden breezes move
To make them seek a cold and dampened groove."
"Speak gently mother, for some death is near.
Ah, 'tis the passing of the dying year!
How calmly goes he to the tomb of death!
How gently speeds his last expiring breath!
Well I remember in his youthful hours
How bitter he wept his tearful showers,
Wept o'er the tomb of his beloved sire
While muffled thunders filled the earth entire;
But now that he has somewhat older grown
We see him calmly passing to his own.
He murmurs not a sigh of deep regret,
But leaves us here to wonder and forget.
To wonder that we things should fear to die,
Or even stop to ask the question 'Why?'
And to forget all melancholy gloom
To find eternal life succeeds the tomb.
Creation teaches us to never pause,

But place our trust in Nature and her laws.
 And, mother dear, the lesson of this hour
 Has taught me what I never knew before;
 So with the new born year I take new hope,
 The better with the woes of time to cope.
 Each New Year's eve I'll take this rocker here
 And watch the passing of the dying year."

FASHION.

Some people are not up to date, don't you know,
 They stick to the same old notion
 That "grandma was pleased with these things
 long ago
 And we ought to show our devotion."

Whenever a new thing, in dress or in law,
 Is brought for the people to view it,
 They stand open mouthed, as if filled with awe,
 For they're not educated up to it.

The spirit that moves them is not unrefined
 Nor given to exaggeration,
 But the truth of it is, they live for behind
 The times and the tides of the nation.

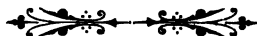
If a lady comes out with divided skirts,
Or bloomers, or even a sash on,
The first thing they say is that "that lady flirts,"
For they hate everything in the fashion.

Or should she attempt the pulpit to fill
To teach the true way to salvation,
They cry out in language prophetic and shrill
To show us their disapprobation.

Or let her attempt her right to assert,
In other words let her just offer
To deliver a speech or wear a white shirt,
And she meets with the voice of the scoffer.

Divine is the law that makes planets to move,
'Twas Newton who learned to compute it,
The masses, of course, had no means to disprove,
Yet for ages they tried to dispute it.

The fashions, like seasons, they come and they
go,
The raiment of fig leaves to banish,
But the tardy cry out to the world in their woe:
"She looks so awfully manish."



CLEVELAND, THE FISHERMAN.

AIR: "MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

Our money goes across the sea,
When Grover's in the chair;
They pull his leg for all he's worth
And hold our bonds with care;
But when we get another vote
Oh, won't we pull his hair.
While he is fishing for pleasure.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for tariff we declare,
Hurrah! Hurrah! I'll bet you we get there,
There's freedom in the song we sing, there's
famine in the air,
While he is fishing for pleasure.

Protection for the laboring man
Keeps hunger from the door,
And fills your pocket with the gold
Just as the days of yore;

Your home will be like heaven then,
And not a perfect bore,
While he is fishing for pleasure.

The honey bee flies all around,
The sweetest flower to sip;
The money bee does just the same,
Oh, watch our money slip,
It goes from us to Johnnie Bull,
I'm giving you a tip,
While he is fishing for pleasure.

And now a word about free trade
If you will lend your ear,
It makes your pocket book so light,
Your stomach feel so queer,
So when you vote just think of this
Or else you'll shed a tear,
While he is fishing for pleasure.



THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE.

I doubt not that to every human mind
Thoughts of a Great First Cause present them-
selves.

No matter whether he be King or slave,
Or whether he be infidel or priest.
He will before his final sad farewell
Propound this grave and solemn question:
"From whence come all these good and perfect
things?"

But when he turns to nature, and perceives
With what untiring regularity
She prosecutes her laws, he then exclaims:
"Oh, Mighty God, all things proceed from Thee!"
Now come with me through nature's realms of
thought.

Direct an eye to heaven's space and there
Behold the countless planets of the sky.
With mighty force, as constant as old Time
Himself, they aid and are aided in return,
And with measureless velocity they bend

Their awful forms in cycles of the deep.
Now turn your eye once more upon the earth.
The waving grass beside the rugged cliff
That makes the hair to grow upon the ox,
Feathers upon the fowl and wool upon
The sheep; the vapors that arise beneath
The sun and cast the earth in darkness; and
The storms that put those rising vapors to
Their flight; the clashing ice that plows through-
out
The sea; the never ending pulse of Time;
The thunderbolt that makes the mountain tremble
And, arched above all, great heaven's starry
dome;
Each, all, proclaim existence of a God.
Yea, that kind law which binds molecular life;
The soul which dwells within the growing stone;
The feeling of the plant; and last the souls
That permeate the forms of men, and bind
Their thoughts in love, are but the proofs of Him
Whom we do call "the great and all wise God."



I CARE NOT FOR WEALTH.

For monied fortune what care I?
No lease to life can money buy.
It oft does raise a lasting vault
For him whose worth is sad at fault;
For misers make while robbers reign,
And misers hoard their sullied gain;
But robbers steal while misers save,
And robbers fill a costly grave.
Spirits such as these enshrine,
Were driven from the ancient swine.
But where is love and where is worth?
Not mouldering in a grave of earth.
A goodly name is not in gloom
Nor chisled on a pillared tomb.
Each man who did true worth impart
Finds sweeter rest in every heart.
So give me love and give me health
And I'm endowed with nature's wealth;
And give me worth to build a tomb
And I will sleep where love-thoughts bloom.

THE RIVER RHINE.

A proud old stream, the river Rhine,
Flowing the mountains between,
Leaving those grim old peaks behind
To shadow the small ravine.

'Tis like the mighty stream of Time,
That peers through the distant haze,
It marks its course and leaves behind
The ruins of bygone days.

And now, broad-breasted to the sun,
Like manhood's strongest hour,
It bursts its way through mountain pass
With strong and earnest power.

At length with age and falt'ring step,
It glides along, but lo!
It sinks beneath the sandy soil
Into its grave below.

And thus out through its sandy tomb,
Into the mighty sea,
It mingles with the foaming tide,
And thus 'twill be with thee.

OUR HEROES.

We view our nation's early days
Through civil strife and foreign haze,
And then it was, and is so now,
That wreathes were placed upon the brow
Of him, whose eyes first saw the light
In villiage, town, or country site,
No thoughtless fop e'er wore a crown.
Nor yet has one e'er gained renown;
No man who first breathed city air
Has ever filled our Nation's chair.
And thus it was our heroes came
O'er paths of toil to heights of fame
The boy or girl who seeks success
Must learn the art of good address;
And such is taught, by best known rule,
In each and every villiage school.
Come hither each and every lad,
Partake of all that's to be had;
For here is laid, and nothing less
Foundation for your life's success.

SMILES AND TEARS.

Many a life is veiled in tears,
And this my soul would fain exalt;
There's not a soul but has some fears,
And not a one but has a fault.

The keenest eye, the purest mind
Can see but dimly at it's best;
There's not a heart so well refined
But has a spot upon its crest.

Every home must have its sorrow,
And every heart must have its grief—
For every puncture of the arrow,
A loving smile will give relief.

Show me a heart without a pain
And you show me a rayless life;
What virtue is, is what we gain
By mingling smiles with earthly strife.

So cast away all idle fears,
And make thy voice a merry chime,
And that will change this "vale of tears"
Into a life far more sublime.

THE CHICKADEE.

Once when the cherries were ripe and red
Two little birdies had just been wed,
When one to the other so sweetly said:
 "Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee,
 Never were birds so happy as we,
 Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee."

Work for the birds is pleasure indeed,
Working and waiting is sure to succeed;
Joyfully sing and joyfully plead:
 "Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee,
 Where are the birds as happy as we?
 Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee."

Now they have finished their nest so fine,
Feathers and cotton and strings of twine,
All of the fairest and latest design,
 "Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee,
 Never could Orpheus sing with more glee,
 Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee."

Early each morn they're up with the day
Twitting and chirping and working away,
Never forgetting a note of their lay;
 "Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee,

Eggs in the nest? Yes: one, two, three,
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee."

Day after day she sits on the nest,
Keeping the eggs well under her breast,
While he is singing and pluming his crest,
"Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee,
Birds in the nest? Yes: one, two, three,
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee."

Week after week continues to bring,
News of the full fledged birds on the wing,
Five of them now continue to sing:
"Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee,
Three on the ground and two in the tree,
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee."

Soon the cold snow drove the birds as before
To pick up the crumbs in front of my door;
Still the sweet notes came forth as of yore,
"Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee,
Winter or Spring we're happy to be,
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee."

But, oh, how sad! the news shocked us all;
A bad, bad boy had fixed a dead fall
And killed all but one and left it to call:
"Chickadee, chickadee, come back to me,
For I am alone and left here to be
A poor, broken hearted chickadeedee."

104 CHICKADEE.—WHEN WE SEE AS WE ARE SEEN.

All through the winter he lingered along,
Ever in mind of the wicked boys wrong;
Now, that he's dead I sing his sweet song:
"Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee,
Never again will you sing unto me,
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee."

WHEN WE SEE AS WE ARE SEEN.

When the splendor of the morning
Casts a ray upon the deep,
And the mysteries of the future
Melt before the gentle heat,

Then will we unveil our memories
And the past will go between,
And we'll solve the deathly mystery
When we see as we are seen.

When the pink no more doth blossom
On the cheek of sweet sixteen,
But we hear the angels singing,
Then we'll see as we are seen.

Earthly troubles will all vanish,
All that is will be serene,
And sweet life will cease like music
When we see as we are seen.

FAST ROLL THE YEARS AWAY.

Noontime comes and morning goes,
And soon make up the day;
Time misspent brings lots of woes,
Which leaves no time to play;
Morning, Noon and evening past,
Idly spent and backward cast,
Fast rolls a life away.

Springtime brought me many joys,
Which I can ne'er repay,
I melted gold into alloys
And tossed it to the clay.
Springtime, Summer and the Fall
Turned to no good use at all;
Fast throws a life away.

Winter comes and finds me here—
Fast turn my hairs to gray,
And my eyes seem not so clear
As on a younger day.
"Freddie, dear," the old man said,
"In these few lines my life is read"
Remember, ah, remember Fred,
Fast roll the years away.

GRANT'S ADDRESS AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Awake, ye braves! Awake!
Protect our Liberty!
Shall we like dumb brutes quake,
When foes attack the free?
No braver men e'er trod
The green grass and the sod;
No purer blood e'er flowed
Or stained the pilgrim's road,
Yet, when oppression lifts its hand
Brave blood flows freely to the strand.

Line up! ye braves, line up!
Respond to Freedom's call!
Though death's a bitter cup
Do brave men fear to fall?
Not though the fates fortell
That the foe fights hard and well,
Not though they feel the breath
Of close advancing death;
For brave men never fear to die,
Though horrid hell is gapping nigh.

Charge! ye braves, charge the foe!
Would brave men wear the yoke?

Would heroes fear to go,
Or shudder 'neath the smoke?
And when you leave this spot,
Though cannon balls fly hot,
Heed not mortality,
But fight for victory:
For the battle field must be the grave
Of fallen heroes and the brave.

OMNIPRESENCE.

God looks out from every stone
On every hill in every zone.
Breathes from the blooming flower,
Every moment and every hour,
Lips in the purling of the stream,
Drops from Heaven with every beam.
In the song of the Mocking bird,
And in the prattling baby's word,
The sweetest notes of Him are heard.
And where the pearly dewdrop lies
God looks out with an hundred eyes.
He leaps like thunder from the cloud,
Or stands majestically proud
In beams of day's resplendent light,
Or wrapped in darkness of the night.
He rolls from Earth in the babbling spring.
In short, He abides in every thing.

SPRINGTIME.

When gay frosty Winter is gone with his fun,
The birds coming forth meet the rays of the sun,
The blossoms of crimson are there to be seen
In the elegant orchard all clothed in her green.

The hedges are bordered with roses of red.
And cowslips of yellow that hang down their head,
And modest sweet violets hid 'neath the shade—
A garden of perfume the warm Spring has made.

The lately hatched goslings come forth from the
 shell
And play on the grass, else fall in the well,
Their yellowish down as bright as the gold
Helps the warm sunshine to keep out the cold.

The lambs may be seen in the meadows at play,
The ewe taking care of them day after day,
The ram lying easy on carpet of lawn—
The beauty of Springtime is everywhere on.

The dance of the squirrel in innocent glee
Keeps time with the hum of the sweet honeybee,

The kind warbling bird with his music to sing
Invites out to pleasure all lovers of Spring.

Oh, Venus! your charms are forever on wing,
In the perfume of flowers, on zephyrs of Spring;
Thou goddess of love and beauty and grace
We see in the Springtime thy beautiful face.

Oh, Bacchus! you worship the grape and the vine,
But give me the odors of lovely Springtime;
With this I'm content, and forever and aye,
I'll kneel at the feet of Flora to pray.

TO THE MEDITATIVE.

"I see you meditate, my friend,
I wonder what can be
The subject of your mournful thought—
It seems to puzzle thee."

"I seem to think of long ago
Of time before my life,
It might have been just so and so,
But now its all a strife.

Again I think of days to come,
When we will be no more,
For then we say our race is run
And crossed the river o'er."

"Tut, tut, my friend, you've said enough,
Now, bring your pipe to fill,
With this advice, and smoke and puff
'Twill cure or else 'twill kill.

Pierce not the past with doleful thought,
The present spell alone
Is all the time that you have got,
Improve it for your own.

The Future meet with fearless heart,
A strong and manly man;
That you are here, do play your part
As well as ever can.

The bloom of Now is full of sweet,
Be not a worthless drone,
Employ the time as you think meet
For Now is all you own.

To me there's no such time as Past,
This truth I will avow,
Nor is there time that's yet to come—
But one eternal Now."

THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

The rain fell on Mount Ariat.

From clouds both deuse and dark,
And when the rain had ceased to pat

It caught the floating ark;
Oh, noble work that it has done,
To finish that which Noah begun.

Then later on from Heaven's fount

The Son of God was borne,
To preach upon the holy mount:
"Blessed are they that mourn."
How grandly grand his simple word
To all who hear, to all who heard.

And still another mount there is,

Which has a task to do,
And well 'tis done, this task of his,
Go, bring the blessed to view,
For on his side is sacred moss,
And on his top the Holy Cross.

FREEDOM.

That goodly flag that floats above
This land once free from lust,
Our fathers bought with human blood
And left it to our trust.

O sacred trust inspire me still
To speak in well known tongue,
And make the air of liberty
Inflate my bleeding lung.

When patriotic liberty
Spread forth her mighty wing
She made each hamlet in this land
Resound with freedom's ring.

And in that song was this command:
"Enjoy, preserve, transmit!"
We hear the past paternal voice
Cry out to "never quit."

Have we kept well this holy trust,
Or have we been asleep,
While Shylock, like a hungry wolf,
Devoured the flock of sheep?

Should we contend our task well done,
Should this be called backbone?
When still that flag floats high above
With traitors on the throne?

That grand old flag that sailed on high
And represented vim,
Still floats above this land of ours
But freedom's name is dim.

Are we unmoved by such grand words
As once defended freedom?
If so let's pray that they return
For now is when we need 'em.

For we are bound in iron bands
Made strong with corporate steel,
But we can burst them if we place
Our shoulders to the wheel.

Could I but reach the hearts of men,
Or pierce the very pan
With words as sharp as ever grew
Upon the tongue of man.

I'd rouse their sleeping brains to act,
Undo what we have done
Unto this blood stained liberty
Since first this land begun!

O hear the patriotic voice
That gave the great command:
"Sink or swim, live or die,"
Good freedom's name shall stand.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Great Tennyson "charged the light brigade,"
But when his charge of life was made,
And he beneath the flowers was laid
The whole world turned to mourn.
The sky o'erhead with clouds were hung,
From which the tears of heaven were sprung,
And muffled thunders sadly rung
As he to heaven was borne.

But another there is, just across the firth,
A singer of songs of God given birth
And stands he alone on a clod of earth
That the dews are melting away.
Oh, could we but check the power of the dew,
That he might be left to stand in our view
To sweep the strings with genius anew.
He may and God grant that he may.

OK-A-LEE.

AS SUNG BY THE RED-WINGED BLACK BIRD.

Once when a battle had been fought and won,
And the wounded were lying beneath the warm sun
A black-bird in singing his first notes begun:

“Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee!

Oh, let us go North and build in a tree,
Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee.”

His mate said: “all right, I will just take along
This nice piece of paper, I know ’tis no wrong,
And there I will build while you sing your song;

“Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee,

All winter we two have perched in this tree,
Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee.”

Off to the North they flew fast away
Not knowing a soldier had written that day
Upon that white slip as the bird sang his lay,

“Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee!

Oh, never was bird so happy as he,
Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee."

And when they had reached a far Northern state,
They saw some ripe cherries and stopped there
and ate,

And when they were through he began to relate,
"Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee."

You dropped the white paper down under the
tree,
Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee."

A lady was list'ning to what he did say,
And came up to scare the two birds away,
Before she could reach them once more did he say:
"Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee!
My dear you have lost your paper I see,
Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee."

She picked up the paper and soon she had spied
The words of her son before he had died,
And still through her mind those notes seemed
to glide;
"Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee!
For there on that paper those words she did
see,
Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee."

"Dear mother my life blood is flowing away,
And scarcely enough strength is left me to pray,

Oh, help me, dear Father, in attempting to say:

“Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee!

And now I do pray, let my dying words be:

Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee.”

“Ah, when but a boy I had robbed a bird’s nest,
And thought that the black bird was only a pest;
Oh, God! now forgive me, is my last request.

Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee!

How little I thought that his song would cheer
me

In the moment of death; ok-a-lee.”

“Oh, mother, if you could but hear my last prayer,
I know you would teach other boys to repair
The wrongs they have done to the birds of the air.

Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee!

And also would pray that God forgive me;

Ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee, ok-a-lee.”



ON THE DEATH OF HARRY H.

The tolling of the sexton's bell,
Is dying on the air,
Just as the one whose life we loved
Has ceased from earthly care.

No deed of shame e'er stained his life,
His deeds were always good,
And when he had a task to do
He did it as he should.

His early life was quite well spent,
No act to injure health;
A heart that's full of honest love
Is quite well stored with wealth.

He had no thought for earthly gain,
And no capricious whim;
A mutual love for wife and home
Was quite enough for him.

'Tis sad to say, and yet how true,
The fairest flowers that grow
Are taken first from all the rest,
Their beauties to bestow.

That now his soul is wafted to
A far more gentle shore;
Let's give his dust back to the earth,
His earthly work is o'er.

LOVE SHINES BRIGHTER THAN ALL.

The sweetest flowers that bloom on the earth,
The fairest gems of oceanic birth,
Are not so sweet and not so fair
'Till a ray of love is shining there.

The loveliest thought of ambition's flame,
Or the alluring hope of fortune's name,
Are sunk to the depths of oblivion's cup,
Where we drink from love if it be but a sup.

The young hope of Freedom will ever be blessed,
To the heart of the brave 'twill ever be pressed,
But all of its brightness seems to grow dim
When the sweet love cup is full to the brim.

As the sparkling starlight is not to be seen
When the bright burning sun lights the day,
So the luster of friendship is not quite so keen
When compared with affection's bright ray.

THE QUAIL.

OR OLD BOB WHITE.

Oft when we see the setting sun,
And when the plowman's work is done,
And barefoot children homeward run,
The sky is silver white.
The hedge-encircled wheat field block,
The golden wheat all in the shock,
And on the top a partridge cock
Sings: old Bob White! old Bob White!
And echo says: goodnight, goodnight.

The fence is lined with rose and vine,
Forget-me-nots and eglantine,
And tan cheeked boys with balls of twine
To fly their Chinese kite;
But there's the quail on fence top post,
More proud than if he were on toast,
And still we hear him make his boast:
Old Bob White! Old Bob White!
And echo says: goodnight, goodnight.

A bird more proud, there ne'er was one
Not since the day the world begun,
You'd think that he would weigh a ton
To hear him sing at night.
His mate is sitting on the nest,
With fifteen eggs beneath her breast,
While Bob stands there and sings his best:
Old Bob White! Old Bob White!
And echo says: goodnight, goodnight.

But bye and bye her work is done,
With fifteen more to view the sun,
Or from the chicken hawk to run
And fly with all their might.
But every day there's food to bring,
And water from the cool fresh spring,
But every evening hears him sing:
Old Bob White! Old Bob White!
And echo says: goodnight, goodnight.

But when the hunter came that way
And heard the quail to sing his lay,
He thought to have him for his prey—
Then shot him in his flight.
My poor Bob White is quail on toast,
But now methinks I see his ghost
And hear the good old fellow boast:
Old Bob White! Old Bob White!
While echo says: goodnight, goodnight.

THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.

In the dawning of our childhood,
In the dawning of our youth,
When our hearts were full of sunshine
And the air was full of truth,
And the blossoms of the Springtime
Intermingled with the green—
When our hearts were full of pleasure,
That is really what I mean.

When the lane was lined with flowers,
Humming birds and honey bees,
And the air was full of showers
From the blossoms of the trees;
And we boys, were hunting closely
For the nest that one had seen—
When our hearts were full of pleasure
That is really what I mean.

Could I now but meet my schoolmates
Whose dear hearts are still ablaze
With the passion still a burning
From the happy joyful days,
We would surely count the moments,
Name each thoughtless trick serene—
Fill our souls again with pleasure,
That is really what I mean,

We have long since grown to manhood,
With a loving wife to roam,
And to share each joy and pleasure,
And to make a happy home;
Close beside her there is standing
One whose youth is bright and clean.
And he too is full of pleasure—
That is really what I mean

We have childhood, youth and manhood,
Intermingled like the streams
That flow down into the ocean
To reflect the sun's bright beams.
Oh, I trust our souls may glisten
With the joys that we have seen—
Truly grand, God given pleasure,
That is really what I mean.

ON THE BANKS OF THE SACRAMENTO.

Roll on, thou mighty stream, roll on,
 I love to see thee flow.
 For once it was that thou didst fall
 Among the flakes of snow.

But now we see thee in thy might
 Flow down to meet the sea,
 Reflecting still that heavenly light
 To all the stars that be.

Those rays, those light effulgent beams
 Thou sendest back on high.
 So borrowed light like borrowed life
 Returns unto the sky.

And thus the stream of life glides on
 As smooth as this great river;
 Just now and then the storms of Time
 Do cause the waves to quiver.

Roll on, roll on thou stream of life,
 Reflect at many angles,
 Return the light of heavenly love—
 The looking glass of Angels.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

We hear them sing of land and sea,
Of river, lake and firth,
But there is one that I adore
Far more than all on earth.

We breathe its cool refreshing breeze
Throughout the live long day;
We're ever pleased to sail about
On San Francisco Bay.

The steamers sail from far off lands
In early month of May,
And many a one finds sweetest rest
In San Francisco Bay.

And right they should for where is one
That has a part to play,
That has protection all around
Like San Francisco Bay?

'Tis rightly named "the Golden West,"
Where yellow poppies grow,
And green capped hills are ever blest
With flowers instead of snow.

The poppied hills and flowered vales
And birds that sing their lay,
Invite them all to come and rest
In San Francisco Bay.

All nature here with passion burns,
Enrapt with breeze and ray
That gives the color to the ferns
And bears the dews away.

The golden sun has just gone past,
With rays so bright and kind,
But as he went we saw him cast
"One longing look behind."



TO JULIA.

Julia, this charming day in June
Reminds me of our honeymoon;
When all our thoughts and lovely bliss
Found sweet expression in a kiss;
When hope was beaming all the while,
And life was but a living smile;
When evening rainbows curved the skies
And seemed more fair in lover's eyes;
When early fragrance wet with dew
Upon the wings of zephyrs flew,
And joys danced forth in lovely dream,
Like moonbeams on the rippling stream.
The years, dear Julia, have come and gone
And still our honeymoon is on.
Oh, sweet the day and sweet the hour
That love was made to be thy dower.

THE BARK OF LIFE.

Oh, thou dainty Bark of Life! We see thee on
The mighty sea of Time in every phase.
We see thee on the surging storm tossed waves
In every clime. Upon the broad expanse
Thou art rolled and tossed and pitched and
hurled

By ever surging waves, until at last
The overpowering storm doth rend thy hull,
And lo, we see thee pass beneath the wave.
But when the surface of the sea is calm
The rippling waves there play beneath the sun
Tossing his sweet effulgent splendors round
Till wearied by the sport they nestle down
Into a gentle eddy of repose.
How like the tender barks of infancy
That toss the sweetest rays of love and joy
And hope, until their eyes are closed awhile
And dreamy smiles play round their innocent lips.

But look the storm is raging on the deep,
The war clouds hang in mighty circles round,
The cannons roar like thunders awful roll

And now the barks go down in countless fleets.

We look again and there instead of war

Kind aged mother's bathe their eyes in tears

And sob aloud for sons that ne'er returned,

And broken hearted maidens weep in vain

Beside the grassy graves of their lost loves,

While far beyond within the heavy wood

Or by the lonely shore, the poet drinks

From that surrounding cup of solitude

A melancholy draught, or breathes therefrom

The Muses holy inspiration.

The solemn priest, frail limbed and hoary headed,

Guiding his humble flock from port to port

Breathes the last hope upon each passing soul

And holds high mass above his mortal dust.

And so it matters not if thou art in

The early Spring of life where showers kiss

The morning breeze that cools the glowing cheek,

Or weighted down by Winter's crusty snow,

Thou wilt at last be swamped amid the foam

And sink beneath the sad and awful deep.

We stand beside a sinking ship and shout:

"Oh, thou unresting and unconquered sea!

From the empty caverns of the ancient Past


Down to the crowned peaks of learned Now

We see the marks of thy destructive hand."

MY HOME, MY NATIVE LAND.

I'm thinking of home, a home left behind,
Where there are loved ones so loving and kind,
And should I return to them there would I find
The blessings of motherly love.
For long have they lived and happy each hour
Inside the old home amid the quaint bower;
Oh, may they still live neath a heavenly shower
Of blessings sent down from above.

I hear once again the lullaby song
That soothes the tired ear from the noise of the
throng,
And the touch of her hand so gentle and strong
I feel on my tan colored brow;
The freaks of my nature, to gently repress
Are met with a word, a loving caress
That softens defeat and sweetens success,
And comforts my bosom till now.



The innocent pranks of early childhood
Are mingled together, are teeming with good,
And plainly the scenes, hill valley and wood
Are vivid as scenes of today.
I sat in the doorway at dusky twilight
With bowl, milk and bread and spoon grasped
tight
And eat, like a boy, to my soul's delight,
As the moments were flitting away.

Oh, give me the life of an ambitious boy,
Though dotted and streaked with sorrow and joy—
Air castles, though built for old Time to destroy,
Are cherished by noblest of men;
For youth like a dream when once it is spent,
We saw not the speed so gently it went,
But not for this world nor what heaven has lent
Would I change it from what it was then.

We cared but little for what people thought,
Nor cared we much for the lessons they taught
But many the time the fish that were caught
Were fried on the bank of the stream,
But, oh, for a touch of mother's kind hand
Or gentle reproof of father's command
And a look at my home, my dear native land,
Is a thought of my latest dream.

The comet of pleasure casts never a light
Excepting a glimmer to aid in her flight,

Then speeding away is soon lost to sight
 'Mid the realms of heavenly spheres;
The charms of forgiveness are tainted with dread,
For manhood and sorrow have long since been
 wed,
And the hearts of the meek are heavy as lead
 With burdens of penitent tears.

Oh, give to me youth untarnished with sin,
And give to me truth great heaven to win,
But none of your wealth for wealth is a kin,
 To Satan and Satan's uncouth.
We shuffle our youth, those garments of gold,
But we can have truth when we have grown old.
And truth and the hope of a heavenly fold
 That will end in eternal youth.



THE AMERICAN FLAG.

With Freedom's torch and solemn prayer
God's mercy to invoke,
The stars and stripes were first unfurled
Amid the battle smoke.

Those brilliant stars and deep blue sky,
Alternate stripes of red,
Flapped forth the constant breeze whereby
The burning flame was fed.

We look at those bright colors there
As upward they ascend.
And think of those who fought and died
Great Freedom to defend.

Their words, their deeds, the vows they vowed
Entrance the minds of all,
And make the nobler ones respond
To Freedom's anxious call.

Oh, precious flag, flap forth again,
Arouse great Freedom's ire
And pile the heap of corporate greed
Upon the flaming fire.

THOSE HAPPY MISSION DAYS.

Sweet, fair and fleeting were those good old days
When unrestricted verdure met the gaze;
When Mission hills with valleys stretched between
Was to nimble footed youth a sole demesne;
The woe that took its flight where'er he ran,
Accumulates for melancholy man;
Aye, as the morning sunbeam touches night
And darkness straightway takes its flight,
So, too, the morn of life knows not a woe
But speeds them on where mournful sorrows go.
So, now, fair youth, returning here I bring
My soul to where thy downy joys took wing
To view the Past, the selpulchre of Time,
Whose cherished hills again I fain would climb,
Where loud tongued mirth in rudest laughter
 played,
While tender joy to gentler meadows strayed,
And viewing thus I see the landscape green,
Where boys in happy crowds convene,
To doff the well worn hat and rudely fling

Themselves upon the ground to quaff the spring,
Or, gather scales from off the rocks beyond,
To skip the silver surface of the pond.
The skipping stone provokes a pleasant wave
But lo, it sinks into a watery grave,
Like manhood's joy, a ray upon the plain,
Soon to be lost beneath a lake of pain.

But list, methinks I hear a maiden sing;
Her sweetest grace in ditty taking wing,
Though losing not a ray of maiden grace,
As love returned refills the vacant place,
And there her lover stands to catch the passing
strain,

While distant echoes bring them back again,
But while fair youth in unrestricted scope
Found sweetest pleasure on the Mission slope,
Dirty faced misery, sad and idle, sat
Upon her haunches down in poverty flat.
But bigotry, trained child of stiff necked pride,
Friendly in shop, a stranger when outside,
Is holding reign upon the very hill
Where then that youthful friendship roamed at
will.

Now progress crowds the happy youth along
And builds her mansions where was heard his
song.

The birds have flown to far off hills away
Where now they sing sweet music all the day,
And poppies bloom upon the distant fields

For progress here now rolls her massive wheels.
Oh, youth, hast thou, with thy sweet smiling
face,
Been drawn by Time to his cold sad embrace?
Or wilt thou come again with hoary locks
To break the chains of life and loose the stocks?
Ah, welladay! thy joys perchance are o'er,
For lo, maturity walks near sorrow's door,
And trembling, stoops beside the passing clay
To weep in bitter tears his woe away.



THE MISSION DOLORES.

In the valley of the Mission
Stands a building worn and old,
And its value is but trifling
When compared by worth of gold;
But that building has a value
That no gold can e'er betray,
Though its walls have long been standing
And are crumbling with decay.

Long ago good padre Sera
Felt the time speed fast away,
And no Mission had been founded
Close by San Francisco Bay.
So the gray and worthy padre
Made the journey there by land,
And the Mission called Dolores
Raised its walls above the sand.

Raised its walls of blue adobe
 Raised those pillars round and white,
Raised those bells that called to worship
 Each and every proselyte.
Grasping those old bells he shouted,
 Even to the prejudiced,
"Come unto the Holy Temple
 And receive the faith of Christ."

So the natives came to worship
 And to hear the Holy Word;
How the kindness of the Savior
 Every thoughtful nation stirred;
How he walked upon the water
 Cured the sick and healed the lame,
Cheered and soothed the poor and needy—
 These they heard with sweet acclaim.

But the stories of the spirits
 In their flight from earthly strife,
And the power of the Savior
 To bring back the dead to life;
And at last the crucifixion—
 Ah, that sad and awful death!
And ascension into heaven;
 These they heard with bated breath.

Rude though be that ancient temple
 Precious is its crumbling clay;

'Neath its consecrated shadow
Many have been laid away.
Laid to rest from earthly labor
For their earthly work is done.
And the wreath that's worn in heaven
They most faithfully have won.

So from out that lowly Mission
Rose the city of the West,
Rose the city San Francisco
Whose true worth is manifest,
Rose and spread her growing beauty
Over hill and over dell,
'Till her suburbs can but faintly
Hear that ancient Mission bell.

And when visitors come hither
Oft they speed across the way,
There in wonderment stand viewing
That old church beside the bay.
Then their thoughts run back to ages,
Which to us now seem a loss,
When our Savior, sad, pathetic,
Died upon the Holy Cross.

So that building has been left us,
As a sign both good and great,
That the Word of God is mighty
And is yet inviolate.

Stands a relic of the ages,
Of unselfish sacrifice,
When those padres taught the Natives
How to gain a paradise.

Stands in sad pathetic ruin,
Speaking volumes for the cause,
Of those meek and faithful padres
And their consecrated laws:
Stands a monumental tower
To the memory of the Lord,
Who the many perils suffered
And the many sins abhorred.



TO A LOVER.

Sweetly blow the zephyrs, dear,
Sweetly blooms the rose,
Let not affection wither here
And lie in sad repose.

Swiftly speed the moments, love,
And softly take our joys,
But let us here renew them, love,
As fast as time destroys.

I mind the day when we knew naught
But wait in hopeful bliss,
But, oh, since then we tied the knot
And sealed it with a kiss.

And sweetly blow the zephyrs now
Of thine own fragrant breath,
Oh, may they warm the marble brow
Of cold indifferent death.

THE LASSIE OF MY CHOICE.

I was walking down the street, heigh-ho,
When a lassie I did meet, heigh-ho,
And I straight way fell in love
With this angel from above,
She's the queen of all the angels, heigh-ho.

And the man up in the moon, heigh-ho.
Is almost in a swoon, heigh-ho,
For he cast an eye this way
And likewise fell a prey
To the beauties of my lassie, heigh-ho.

We'll compare her laughing eyes, heigh-ho,
To the beauties of the skies, heigh-ho,
And the accents of her voice
Makes the music of my choice,
As she sings to me a ditty, heigh-ho.

But her beauty interferes, heigh-ho,
With the music of the spheres, heigh-ho,
Her sweet attractive grace
Draws them quite near out of place
For to circle round my lassie, heigh-ho.

MAY.

When snowflakes of Winter are flying around
And robbins have flown far away,
And none but the snowbird is there to be found.
All Nature says: "Wait until May."

Then music of birds and children's first words
Are heard 'neath the sun's warm ray;
And weather and wealth and plenty of health
Combine to make people more gay.

Then the music of birds is plainer than words
That the voice of Winter is dumb;
So hip, hip, hooray! we welcome this day
For the beauties of May have come.

"PUSSY WANTS A CORNER."

Last night I dreamed a long, long dream,
I dreamt of politicians
Manipulating every "pull"
Full equal to magicians;
And then I said complacently
Unto my friend the scorner:
"The blind can see as well as we
That pussy wants a corner."

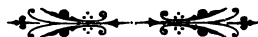
And then I saw a well known man
Reach out to help the robber,
And turn his paper over to
That well known railroad jobber,
And then I said complacently
Unto my friend, the scorner,
"The blind can see as well as we
That pussy wants a corner."

I saw McKinley, Quay and Reed,
And half a dozen others,

Fill up the presidential air
With smoke that almost smothers;
And then I said complacently
Unto my friend, the scorner,
"The blind can see as well as we
That pussy wants a corner."

I saw Grove Cleveland line his nest
With feathers bright and golden,
The politicians then did strive
Their courage to embolden;
And then I said complacently
Unto my friend, the scorner,
"The blindest eye can see just why
Each pussy wants a corner."

"I'll boil it down to finer terms,
Although it may seem funny,
But each and every pussy wants
A corner on the money."
"So pussy wants a corner, eh?"
Replied my friend, the scorner;
'Yes, its all a game and played the same
As pussy wants a corner."



APOLLO TO DAPHNE.

Oh, Daphne, thou art fair to me!
Yes, thou art truly fair;
Thy eyes are bright as morning stars,
Like flax thy auburn hair.

Thy ringlets fall around thy neck,
Like gods around a throne,
And winsome smiles adorn thy lips—
Oh, Daphne, be my own!

For, if thy charms adorn thee, love,
As pearls adorn the sea.
And thy fair eyes are bright as stars,
What must thy inner being be!

Oh, tender love! Oh, ruling flame!
Oh, depths of exhaustless bliss!
Whence is thy mighty power to charm?
Oh, love, do tell me this!

For I am not a peasant here
But the god of song and lyre,
And sight of all thy beauteous charms
Has set my soul a fire.

Oh, daughter of the river god
Fly not from me away;
Neither hawk, nor wolf, nor foe am I—
Oh, stay, fair Daphne, stay!

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

Voiceless and flowerless is Winter's day,
And the wood is gray and old,
The flowers of Spring have gone to decay,
And the birds have flown from the fields away,
And the wind is bleak and cold.

Voiceless and flowerless? We'll see about that,
Though the wind is bleak and cold;
For my baby boy is a prattling chat,
With a bran new kilt and a cockney hat,
And a manner that's worn and old.

Voiceless and flowerless? We'll see later on
Though the wood is gray and old;
Though the flowers of Spring are faded and gone,
My neighbor's nose has a blossom on
That fades not away in the cold.

Save for the voice of the tinkling bell
No sound is heard on the way;
But merrily they jingle, and soft and well!

The story of love those lovers tell
As they ride in a one horse sleigh.

So the jingling bells and the blooming nose,
(Though the wood is gray and old)
And the prattling babe and the wind that blows
Are voices of Winter, so the story goes,
That fade not away in the cold.

And the day of the year is four minus three,
And the wood is gray and old,
But the good new year in the land of the free
Has a voice of gladness for you and me
Though the wind is bleak and cold.



ARISE AND COME AWAY.

SONGS OF SOLOMON, II:13-17.

Oh, come, my love, where the lillies are,
 Come till the break of day;
 Come by the light of the evening star,
 'Till the shadows flee away.

Oh, come where the living waters flow,
 Come where the fountains play,
 For the lillies bloom in the fields below,
 Arise and come away.

For, lo, the snowy winds are past,
 The clouds are gone astray,
 The winter rains are backward cast;
 Arise and come away.

The flowers appear on every hand,
 The birds now sing their lay;
 All nature's voice is grandly grand —
 Arise and come away.

The night is fair and the stars that shine
Relieve the passing day,
And now my heart speaks unto thine—
Arise and come away.

Sun, moon and stars may cease to shine
And darkness conquer day,
But still my love shall seek for thine,
Arise and come away.

Oh, come, my love, where the lillies are,
Come till the break of day,
Come by the light of the evening star—
Till the shadows flee away.



